

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH SUPPLEMENT: A CABINET COUNCIL. SIXPENCE.



WITH THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA: THE FIRST ENTRY OF THE BRITISH-INDIAN TROOPS INTO THE CITY OF PEKING.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MR. JOHN SCHÖNBERG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA.

Major Scott, R.E., led the way under the water-gate in that portion of the town where the Legations are situated. The Indian soldiers sank into the mud up to their waists. There was no opposition on the part of the "Boxers."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

It is sad to be misunderstood, especially when you pride yourself upon lucidity. In some recent observations about the Hooligan I thought I had made it clear that, in my opinion, compulsory military service would "make a man of him, and something more." I cited Lord Roberts's testimony that the troops in South Africa had conducted themselves "like gentlemen," and the experience of a war-correspondent who, for the last fifteen years, has been doing his best to send the Southwark Hooligans into the Army, and who found in South Africa gratifying proofs of the success of this experiment. I should not have thought it possible for anyone to mistake my meaning; but who can foresee all the possibilities of the human mind? I had not reckoned with an ingenious gentleman who writes in the *Review of the Week*. He says that my suggestion of the Army for the Hooligans comes to this: "They would find there a congenial occupation, and would have a distorted patriotic satisfaction in exercising on their country's behalf the tendencies that only get them into trouble in private life." He wonders that they do not feel "a large contempt for the unctuous hypocrisy of the nation which condemns them as social outcasts when they indulge their proclivities in the Borough, and lauds them as heroes when they place those same proclivities at the service of military leaders." "Army men," says this judge, "will not thank Mr. L. F. Austin"; and then with stern politeness ("Prisoner, have you anything to say?") he bids me speak: "If Mr. Austin has any other interpretation of his proposal to offer, we should be glad to hear it."

If the Hooligan from Southwark can be turned into a soldier who earns such praise as that of Lord Roberts's, it is evident that he does not place at the service of his officers the proclivities that earned his notoriety in the Borough. I do not consider that the thanks of "Army men" are due to me; but I should be much astonished to learn that they had been accorded to a writer who seems to think that when the Hooligan is enlisted, his proclivities must be counted in the assessment of his native merit. He is not an irredeemable wild beast, but the product of social conditions in which discipline is unknown. Military discipline provides no stimulus to his proclivities, but the most effectual cure. When my critic assumes that I regard "the rowdy, vicious, and criminal elements of our population as fit and proper material to make soldiers of," he forgets that the Hooligan is not a hardened criminal, but the hobbledohoy of crime. Left to his proclivities, with no correction save intervals of prison, he may attain a hideous maturity; but if we can give him an interesting calling, in which he will learn the elements of duty and obedience, why should we not rescue his manhood for the credit of the State?

This question ought to be seriously weighed, because it touches upon a grave problem. Is the "rowdy" so hopelessly lost as to be rightly deemed unfit for the society of the decently behaved? There are benevolent people who strive to find honest employment for discharged prisoners. If they take a discharged prisoner to a recruiting-sergeant, is that wide-awake soldier to put on the severe airs of the *Review of the Week*, and say, "I really wonder at you for supposing that the Army can let itself be contaminated by the rowdy, vicious, and criminal elements of the population?" It is no light matter to ask a citizen to take into his private employ a man who has been in gaol. Most of us, perhaps, would decline the risk, although I have never forgotten the impression made upon me by a friend, who, pointing to a gardener in a distant greenhouse one day, said: "You see that man? He was a letter-carrier, sentenced to a long term of hard labour for stealing a very small sum in postal orders. He had a large family and was wretchedly poor. When he came out of prison I took him into my service at once, and he has been here for several years. A more honest and industrious servant you could not find." My friend is no sentimentalist, but one of the hardest men of business in these hard commercial times. He has an eye for character, and would have been quite unmoved if his household had risen in revolt and declared that the traditions of domestic service would be tainted by the admission of a gaol-bird.

Now, I submit that this is an example for the State, more especially as the Hooligan can be caught young, before successive terms of hard labour have left their deadly impress on his nature. He cannot become a true soldier without ceasing to be a mere ruffian. I know this proposition is hotly contested by our censors abroad. There is my absurd Professor at Utrecht, who thinks that the British recruits from the Southwark slums must have committed the atrocities that he and his friends have invented. He tells me incidentally that Lord Roberts is not only another Alva, but also another Pecksniff. There is a chance of criminal notoriety even for me, for instead of printing the Professor's letters in full, I single out passages for the commentary of "a funny man." Dear, dear! If the Professor only knew his own comic gift! Another correspondent, who is an Englishman domiciled in Turkey, gently reproves me for my gibes at these foreign Professors. After all, he says, they are "instructors of youth." No doubt; but the instruction

of youth in senseless and rabid Anglophobia contributes neither to the well-being of Europe nor to the repute of Utrecht University.

Unhappily, we need not look abroad for a temper that finds expression in revolting charges against the army which is declared by Lord Roberts to have set a model of conduct in military history. This temper is a curious phenomenon in psychology. It springs from the assumption that if a war waged by this country is unrighteous in any man's opinion, he has a perfect right to believe that the British soldiers engaged in it are monsters of cruelty. In this singular judgment, therefore, the moral character of the British soldier depends entirely upon a policy over which he has no control, and not only upon that policy, but even upon the view of it which a particular set of citizens may choose to hold. If a war is right in their eyes, then the soldier is a blameless instrument of justice; if the war is wrong, then he goes about committing atrocities. This remarkable fallacy is of comparatively recent growth, for, although there was a strong minority opposed to the Crimean War, there does not seem to have been any suspicion that the British troops behaved like savages during their occupation of Russian territory. This lack of imagination may be explained by the fact that Mr. Stead was then in his infancy.

The national conscience, I admit, cannot be too sensitive about war; but there are people who would lay upon that conscience burdens too fantastic to be borne. The *Review of the Week*, appealing to "our public men," hopes that my proposal "for the conscription of the rowdies may help them to realise the frightful and wicked conception of warfare which their utterances are creating—a conception in which the main element is the glorification of violence without regard to the ends to be attained." My contribution to this frightful wickedness is the baseless fabric of a disordered vision; nor is there any semblance of justice in the imputation that "our public men" have deliberately stimulated blood-lust in the populace. Why expect the nation to sit in sackcloth while its troops are performing what it believes to be a just and necessary task? Isn't it something unpleasantly like cant which tells us that to rejoice in their courage and fidelity is to glorify violence for its own sake? When the survivors return from an arduous campaign, would it be common gratitude or common sense to receive them with funeral faces and ashes in our hair? "No nation," writes the ash-sprinkler, "goes to war rightly which goes to war otherwise than reluctantly and with a vivid conception of the ingloriousness of having failed to avoid the necessity for it." Contrast this sickly misgiving with the manly breath of Shakespeare—

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.

He will not beware of us if we fill the welkin with our self-reproaches for not having evaded the conflict we did not seek.

I have received from "A Hamburg Citizen" a long lecture on the "arrogance and ignorance" of the English people. My correspondent imagines that I am the "famous Poet Laureate." This is a common error, which is always cropping up in some new and diverting shape. I was once adjured in a restaurant by a courteous stranger not to write any more ballads like the ballad of the Jameson Raid. Before I could disclaim this embarrassing responsibility he vanished into the night. The other day I had a letter with this superscription: "Mr. Austin, Poet Laureate, E.C." I denied myself the privilege of reading it. After that, I hope, nobody will accuse me of arrogance. My Hamburg citizen, however, assures me that we are all arrogant in this country because we still believe that one Englishman is a match for "three poor Frenchmen or Germans." This fond delusion is extinct, together with our ancient custom of selling our wives at Smithfield. My correspondent says that Germans know our literature better than we know theirs, and there is truth in the indictment; but they do not know us, or a German would not assume that our arrogance makes us perfectly satisfied with the military administration in the Boer War. It is the best of our characteristics to face the truth about our weaknesses when experience has made these plain. If the Hamburg citizen doubts this, let him read Lord Rosebery's address at Glasgow, that most unsparing analysis of national shortcomings.

We are not an unteachable race, and it is possible that in time we may even learn meekness from German example. For the rest, I fancy that the weak joints in our national armour will be scrutinised at home to some purpose without the aid of Germans, whose knowledge of our affairs is derived from their surprising newspapers and Dr. Leyds. It may interest some of them who believe that we conduct our campaigns with the barbarity of Alva, Wallenstein, and Tilly, to learn on the authority of a Boer farmer's daughter, cited by Mr. Morley, that when a Boer homestead is burnt for military reasons, the women and children are sent to the nearest town and quartered in a hotel at the expense of the British Government. So like the humanity of Tilly!

THE NEW CABINET.

(See Supplement.)

The members of the new Cabinet met at the Foreign Office for their first conference on the last day of last week. The Colonial Minister, Mr. Chamberlain, still on tour in Italy, was the only absentee. The deliberations, lasting two hours, have been the subject of a variety of surmises. One thing is sure—that there were pleasant preliminaries in the way of welcomes given and taken, and that the interest centred in the two extremes of experience and of noviceship, as represented by Lord Salisbury on the one hand, and by Lord Selborne and by Mr. St. John Brodrick, on the other. The man in the street may be said to have had the first news of the exact constitution of the new Cabinet; for until last Saturday's meeting no complete list had been given of the names of which it is composed, nor had the total number of its members been officially announced.

Lord Salisbury, as Prime Minister and Lord Privy Seal, is still a pluralist; but the Privy Seal is not the Foreign Office, and the lighter official duties now undertaken by the head of the Government will afford him a little more freedom for the general amenities of the Premiership.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, who leaves the War Office for the Foreign Office, has so many honours by birth that he might easily have relied upon them for distinction among his fellow-men. He is Henry Charles Keith Petty Fitzmaurice, fifth Marquis of Lansdowne, twenty-sixth Baron of Kerry, Baron of Keith and Nairne, Earl of Kerry, Viscount Clancourie, Viscount Fitzmaurice and Baron Dunkeron, Earl of Shelburne, Baron Wycombe, Earl of Wycombe and Viscount Calne. Many titles and offices of his own winning may be added to these. He is D.C.L., K.G., P.C., G.C.I.E., G.C.M.G., G.C.S.I., Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery, and Lord Lieutenant of Wilts; and before he reached the high office he now vacates for another of equal or greater importance, he served as Lord of the Treasury, as Under-Secretary for War and for India, and as Governor-General of Canada and Viceroy of India.

There has been a great deal of good-natured banter about "relative force" in the new Administration. But the capacity of Lord Selborne, the Prime Minister's son-in-law, is almost as little open to question as that of his nephews, Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. Gerald Balfour. Lord Selborne goes to the Admiralty, in succession to Mr. Goschen, and there he has, if all reports be true, an arduous task awaiting him. Mr. Arthur Balfour, whose Leadership of the House of Commons is a matter of general pride, irrespective of Party, continues to be First Lord of the Treasury. Mr. Gerald Balfour, yielding the reins of government in Ireland to the able hands of Mr. George Wyndham, goes to the Board of Trade. Mr. Hanbury finds himself in the Department of Agriculture, and perhaps wonders how he got there. But it is established that he who drives fat oxen need not himself be fat, and it does not seem clear that the Board of Agriculture needs a practical agriculturist at its head any more than the Admiralty needs an Admiral or the War Office a Field-Marshal. Expert opinion is always at command—at a price; and the Parliamentary Minister has to be chosen for his fitness to be at the head of a great spending department, and to be the spokesman of it before the House and the country.

For obvious reasons the appointment at the War Office is regarded as one of great importance; and the general feeling in the service seems to be favourable to Mr. St. John Brodrick's succession to the chair vacated by Lord Lansdowne. The new War Minister was born in 1836, the elder son of the eighth Viscount Middleton; and he married, in 1880, Hilda, daughter of the ninth Earl of Wemyss. He was educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he became President of the Union. First as a candidate, and then as the representative for West Surrey, he continued with good effect his training as a speaker; and he was one of "the revolting sons" who lifted up their voices to murmur against the hereditary fate which sooner or later consigned them, as they put it, to the living tomb of the House of Lords. Mr. Brodrick, as a Minister of the Queen, will find, in either House equally, a scope for the faculties that have led to his rapid promotion. As Financial Secretary, and, again, as Under-Secretary, he has had some experience of the War Office already.

Mr. Akers-Douglas took his seat in the Cabinet five years ago as First Commissioner of Works. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the Secretary for Scotland, dates his Cabinet rank from the same year. Lord Cadogan, whose resignation of the Irish Viceroyalty has been postponed, dates his high office in Ireland also from 1895; but he was earlier called to the innermost council of the nation as Lord Privy Seal. Lord Halsbury and Lord Ashbourne continue to hold the Lord Chancellorships of England and of Ireland; and Lord James of Hereford has his place beside them by virtue of the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster. Lord George Hamilton remains at the India Office.

The Duke of Devonshire has exactly the post that suits him as Lord President of the Council. But perhaps the Marquis of Londonderry is not quite ideally the right man in the right place as Postmaster-General in the House of Lords, out of range of the questionings of the member for Canterbury. It is said, however, that Mr. Hanbury, who now takes Cabinet rank for the first time, may probably find himself before long at St. Martin's-le-Grand. Mr. Walter Long, the new President of the Local Government Board, has changed both his constituency and his office; and, as a final effort at Cabinet reconstruction, Mr. Ritchie, who did excellent work of old at the Board of Trade, has gone to the Home Office, where, in all senses, he will be found an official thoroughly at home.

THE NEW CABINET COUNCIL.

We propose issuing a very limited edition of photogravures of our double-page Supplement this week, "A Cabinet Council," drawn by Mr. S. Begg. Only artist's proofs will be issued, and the price will be one guinea. Our subscription-list is now open, and anyone desirous of acquiring this beautiful picture should apply at once, to prevent disappointment.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The week in South Africa has been unexciting. A few more Boer prisoners have been taken, including a little party of sixteen who were bent on passing over into Portuguese territory. The capture does not seem to mean much on the face of it; but it has more than its surface importance, if, as is suspected, these men were organising a fresh importation of warlike stores. Small bands of Boers have been in evidence near Newcastle, a descent on which has been feared. Lord Kitchener passed through Standerton on his way to Natal; and it is now announced, all but officially, that he is to succeed Lord Roberts in the South African command. Lord Roberts seems to be still uncertain about his own home-coming, which has been again delayed. Meanwhile a number of Generals, some of them the seniors of Lord Kitchener in military service, are on their way from what must still be called the seat of war. General Sir F. C. Clerj, General Brabazon, General Kelly-Kenny, and General Pole-Carew are four of these.

A good deal of recruiting is going on in Cape Colony, where the Colonial division of the Imperial Light Horse, the South African Constabulary, and the Commander-in-Chief's bodyguard are proving attractive fields of service to young men. That there is still work to be done is borne home to the authorities both in South Africa and in England by many events. No true estimate of the numbers of the enemy still in the field is obtainable, but that a sufficiently formidable number of men have stated their determination to continue the conflict for another year seems to be certain. Under these circumstances the plan of campaign can only be a sure and slow one. Klerksdorp has this week been occupied by the British troops without opposition, though there had been a little fighting near at hand with Liebenberg's commando. At Potchefstroom a party of the 2nd Coldstream Guards, while clearing away a temporary bridge, was attacked, two men being killed, and Lieutenant Herbert Stepany receiving a slight wound in the hand. Another party of Boers approached Vlaklaagte, and wounded two men of the Scottish Rifles. Lieutenant Mainwaring, of the Imperial Yeomanry, was wounded; and a man of his company killed in the neighbourhood of Bloemfontein. A bad postscript to the record of the Bothaville fight, which cost us the life of Colonel Le Gallais, has been received, for Major Welch, of the Hampshire Regiment, and two men of the R.H.A., have since died of the wounds received in that combat. Sniping and foraging parties of Boers are reported from the vicinity of Lydenburg. The outposts at Thaba N'chu have been attacked by a small party of Boers, and Second-Lieutenant Paxton and three men of the 2nd Battalion Bedford Regiment have lost their lives. The ubiquitous De Wet is in constant communication with the Boer laagers.

Some echoes of old fights are heard in certain discussions going on at Mafeking and at Johannesburg. There is, in the first place, the question of compensation, always an exciting one. The garrison gave food to the town, and the town gave wood to the garrison. Are they fair set-offs? Much is said on both sides; but the town can hardly complain of the bargain which is to wipe out the scores on both sides. By the military, at any rate, the food was considered twice the value of the fuel. It is a little irony of fate which makes Lord Roberts the defender of the Boer Governor of Johannesburg. That official has been accused by his countrymen of ceding the town too easily. Lord Roberts gives him a certificate of prudence that did not lack bravery.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE SWASHBUCKLER," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Apart from that inevitable lack of sustained interest which we have learnt to associate with so much of Mr. Louis Parker's stage-work, the disconcerting feature of his new Duke of York's play, "The Swashbuckler," consists in its claiming to be a "romantic comedy," and yet constantly verging on the confines of burlesque. In many ways its picturesque resetting of the old Rosalind motif in an atmosphere of German mediocrity, its ingenious idea of two rival heirs, man and girl, racing across country to secure an estate and joining forces unwittingly, makes a pleasant and rollicking story of love and adventure. Mr. Parker traces afresh with pretty poetic touches the strange courtship of Ganymede and Orlando; he invents a dashing hero, most inflammable of pretended misogynists, most chivalrous of reckless swashbucklers; he affords his lovers the quaintest trio of tattered rascals to serve as comic chorus, and for a while he supplies abundance of stirring conflicts and gallant rescues. But not only does the pace of his comedy flag during its second half, its development provide no dramatic surprises, its adventurers encounter most feeble opposition, but the playwright's fun is always intruding on his sentiment, his hero's tirades and exploits assume a serio-comic aspect, and the swashbuckler himself degenerates into the merest farceur. Still, so superb is the virtuosity, so breezy the vitality, of Mr. Herbert Waring in the title-role, so dainty and arch, though, alas! so lacking in real high spirits, is Miss Evelyn Millard as the new Rosalind, that playgoers of the more genial sort may welcome the note of travesty as a set-off against the play's obvious artificiality, and accept "The Swashbuckler" for what it practically is—an opéra-bouffe robbed of its musical accompaniment.

MR. FORBES ROBERTSON AT KENNINGTON.

So famous by this time is Mr. Forbes Robertson's Hamlet—that the most satisfying Hamlet, in general opinion, of the present generation—that now that it is again presented at Kennington no fresh praise is required of its irresistible charm. Mr. Robertson approaches the most introspective of Shakespearean roles with a unique equipment—a combination of romantic gifts, classic diction, and modern

temperament; while his one deficiency as a tragedian—that of overpowering passion—he shares with all his contemporaries. The intellectual subtlety, the high seriousness, the gracious dignity, and, above all, the consistent geniality which were the characteristic qualities of his Lyceum impersonation still remain in unimpaired perfection. Indeed, the only novelty about this latest revival of "Hamlet" is Miss Gertrude Elliott's assumption of the part of Ophelia, a gentle and girlish but not a strenuous performance. Meantime, the really piquant attraction of Mr. Robertson's Kennington engagement, his staging and enacting of Mr. Bernard Shaw's brilliant burlesque melodrama, "The Devil's Disciple," has, unfortunately, been given too late for discussion in this week's issue.

DALY'S THEATRE.

In spite of its very long run, "San Toy" continues to draw packed houses, and deservedly so, for the management is not content to rely upon an unchanged performance. Quite a number of novelties have been introduced since the first night, when the verdict of unqualified success was passed upon the Chinese opera. Perhaps of all the new songs, none has been so successful as Mr. Huntley Wright's song, "The Mouse-Trap." The words are exceptionally clever for comic songs of the class, and the music suits Mr. Huntley Wright's eccentric manner. Mr. Hayden Coffin's patriotic song, "Motherland," might well be changed, as it gives little or no opportunity for his fine voice.

COVENT GARDEN FANCY-DRESS BALL.

The third fancy-dress ball of the season was held at Covent Garden on Friday, Nov. 16, and proved as great a success as its forerunners. Among the most noticeable of the many beautiful and original dresses competing for the valuable prizes offered were "Farthest North," "Green Park," and "Daily Bread." Lieutenant Dan Godfrey's orchestra was responsible for the music, which was mainly composed of selections from the better-known comic operas.

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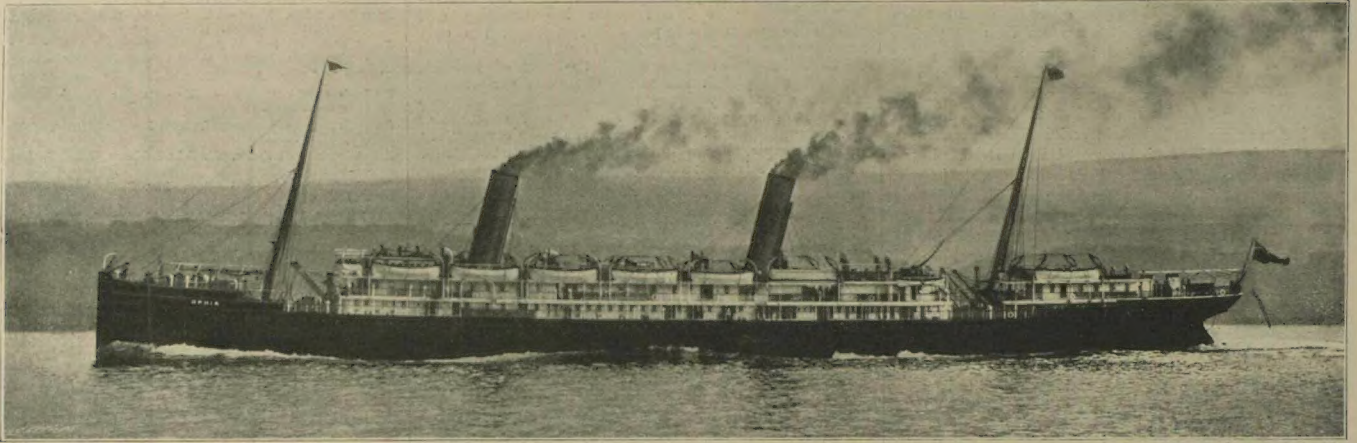
THE HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN, Soho Square, W. Patron—H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, K.G. FUNDS MOST URGENTLY NEEDED.
DAVID CASSON, Secretary.

THE LONDON HIPPODROME, CRANBORN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C. Managing Director, Mr. H. F. DUFF. TWICE DAILY at 2 and 8 p.m. AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEQUALLED BRILLIANCE.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.—Managing-Director, Arthur Collins. Every Evening, at 7.45, "THE PRICE OF PEACE," by Cecil Raleigh, with Powerful Cast. Matinees every Wednesday & 4 Saturdays, also Thursday, Dec. 6, at 1.45. Box-Offices now open.

MOHAWK AND MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS. Perform at ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY, ONLY. No Provincial Company. First Part changed Entirely. New Songs, New Jokes. Ten Shows Weekly. Every Evening at 8. Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 3 and 8.

THE DUKE OF YORK'S VISIT TO AUSTRALIA.



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THE ORIENT LINER "OPHIR," SELECTED TO CARRY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

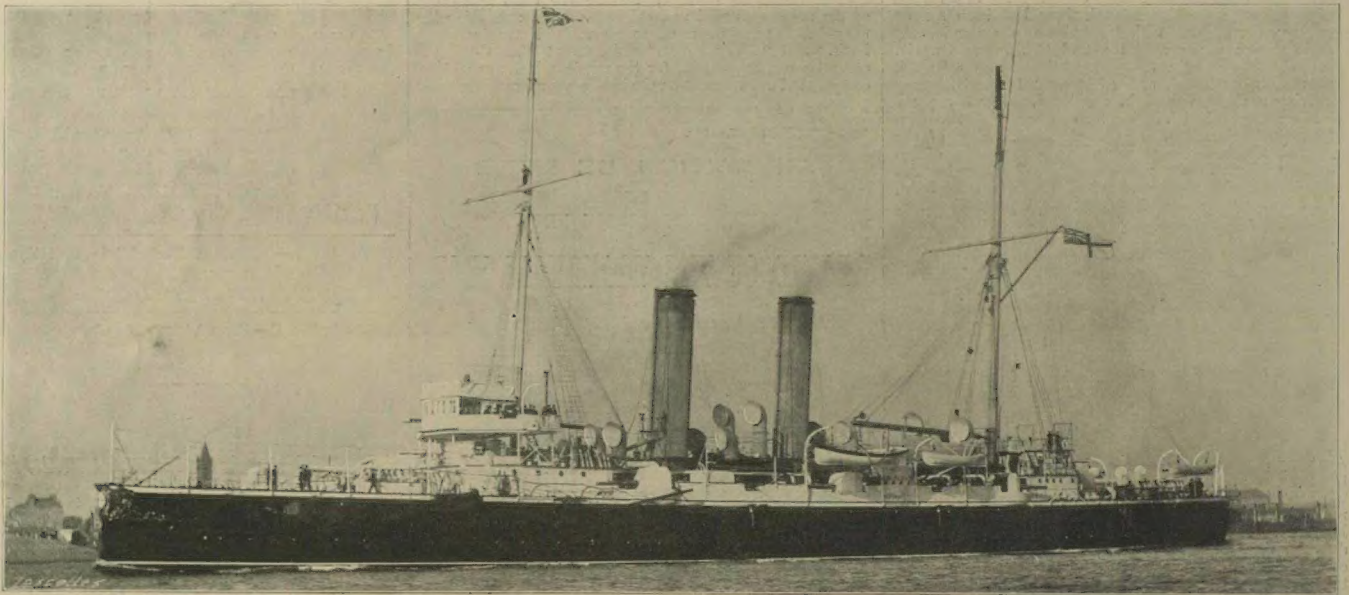


Photo. Stephen Crabb, Southey.

H.M.S. "ST. GEORGE," WHICH, WITH H.M.S. "JUNO," WILL ESCORT THE "OPHIR."

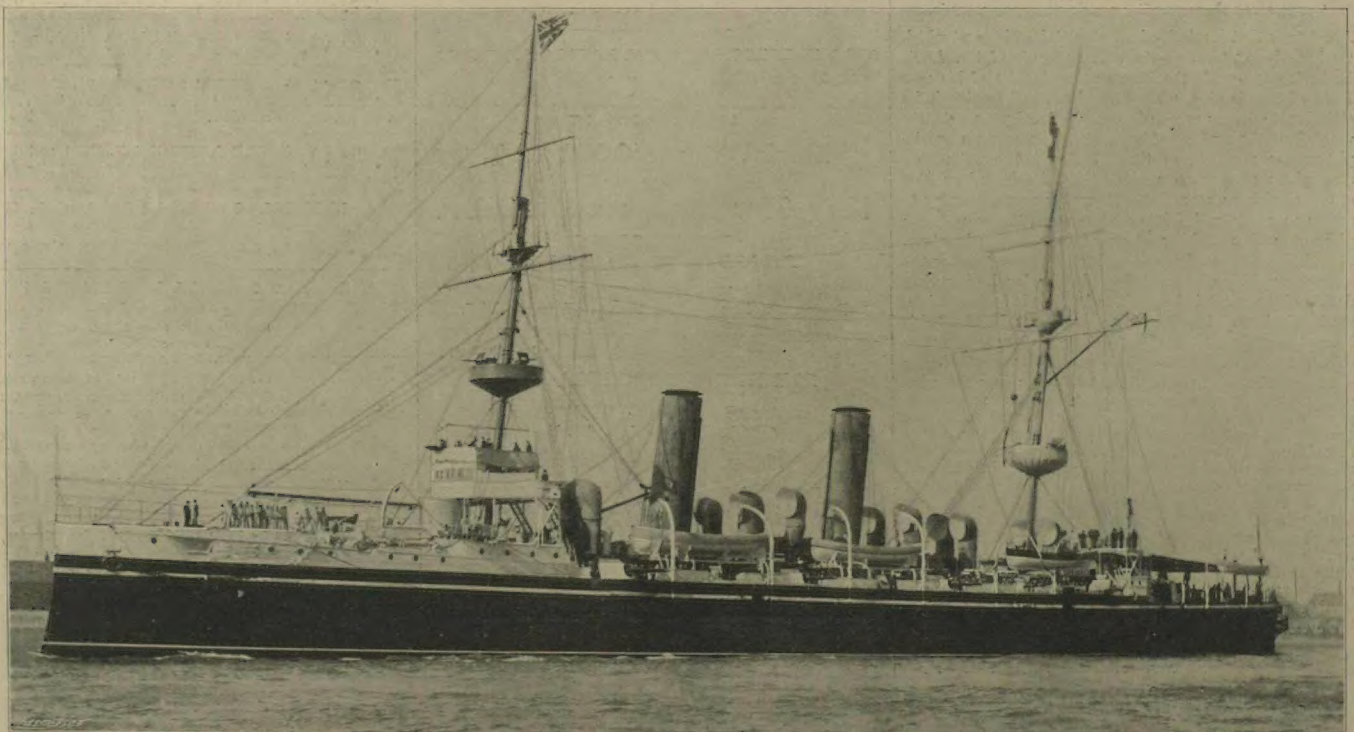
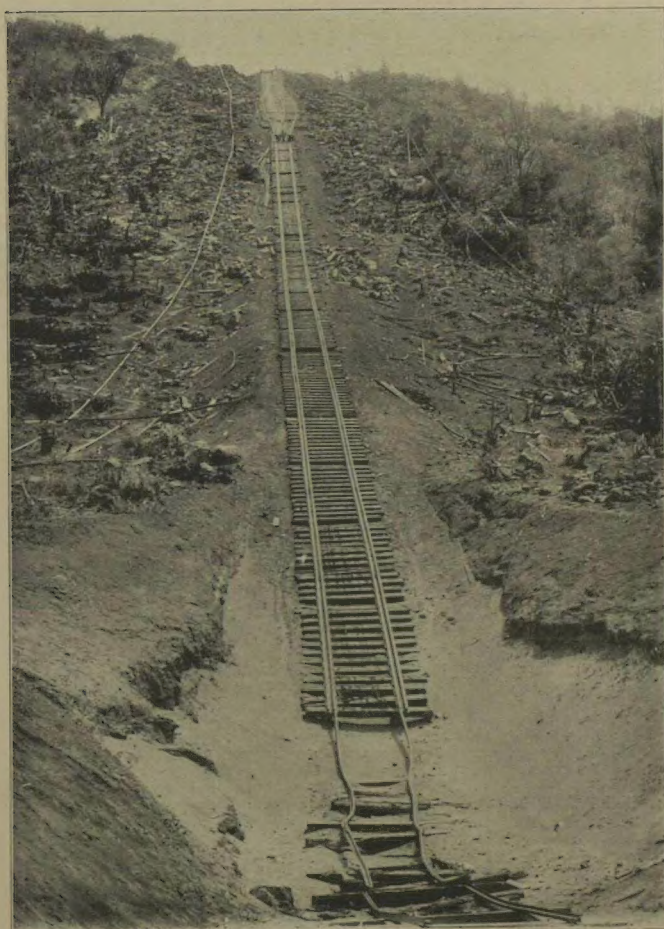


Photo. Stephen Crabb, Southey.

H.M.S. "JUNO," WHICH WILL ACCOMPANY THE "OPHIR" TO AUSTRALIA.



THE MONKEY PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES BY THE C.I.V. FIELD BATTERY, AND NOW IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



A STEEP GRADIENT.



A BANK BETWEEN LIMONO AND DOURAKI.

THE UGANDA RAILWAY.

Photographs by A. G. Gomes and Co., Zanzibar.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

COLONIAL VOLUNTEERS AT WINDSOR.

On Friday, Nov. 16, a representative body of Colonial troops was reviewed at Windsor by the Queen. Australians, New Zealanders, Canadians, South Africans, and men from India and Ceylon, sons of the Empire from the East and West, from North and South, marched past the Queen-Mother in St. George's Hall—the downpour of rain putting the Quadrangle out of the question. "How well you are looking after all you have gone through!" and "What splendid men!" were the Queen's exclamations as one group after another of these defenders of the country passed in review before her. With the words, "I thank you all for your loyal services, and I wish you God-speed and a safe return home," her Majesty ended the ceremony; and then "Three cheers for her Majesty," called for by Major Syngé, were given by the men, who added on their own account one cheer more. The Mayor and Corporation afterwards entertained the troops in the Town Hall. The Rev. J. T. Evans, speaking on behalf of the contingent, said they had just had the honour of looking upon the face of their dear and honoured Queen, who had received them with great kindness. They had

THE REVOLT IN ASHANTI.

Two illustrations recall events in Kumasi of which Sir Frederick Hodgson can talk calmly enough now in England, but which had their own exceeding peril at the time of their happening. The Governor is represented during the siege of Kumasi as he stood on the fort directing the defences against the surrounding hordes. If the attackers could not carry the position by force of arms, they hoped at least to exhaust the ammunition and the food of the brave defenders. The story of the successful holding-out is well known; as also is that of the escape of the Governor and his wife. The picture which shows them in the act of crossing the Prah is, like the picture of Sir Frederick on the fort, produced by Mr. Caton Woodville from the sketch made by an officer of the expedition.

THE ABDUL HAMID BRIDGE.

The new bridge across the Bosphorus, to be built at once, is to bear the name of Abdul Hamid. The scheme is an old one upon paper; but it is now to be translated into granite and metal by the Bosphorus Railway Company, which designs a junction between the railways of Europe and the Trans-Asiatic Railway of Bagdad. Naturally the narrowest dividing line of sea has been chosen for the point

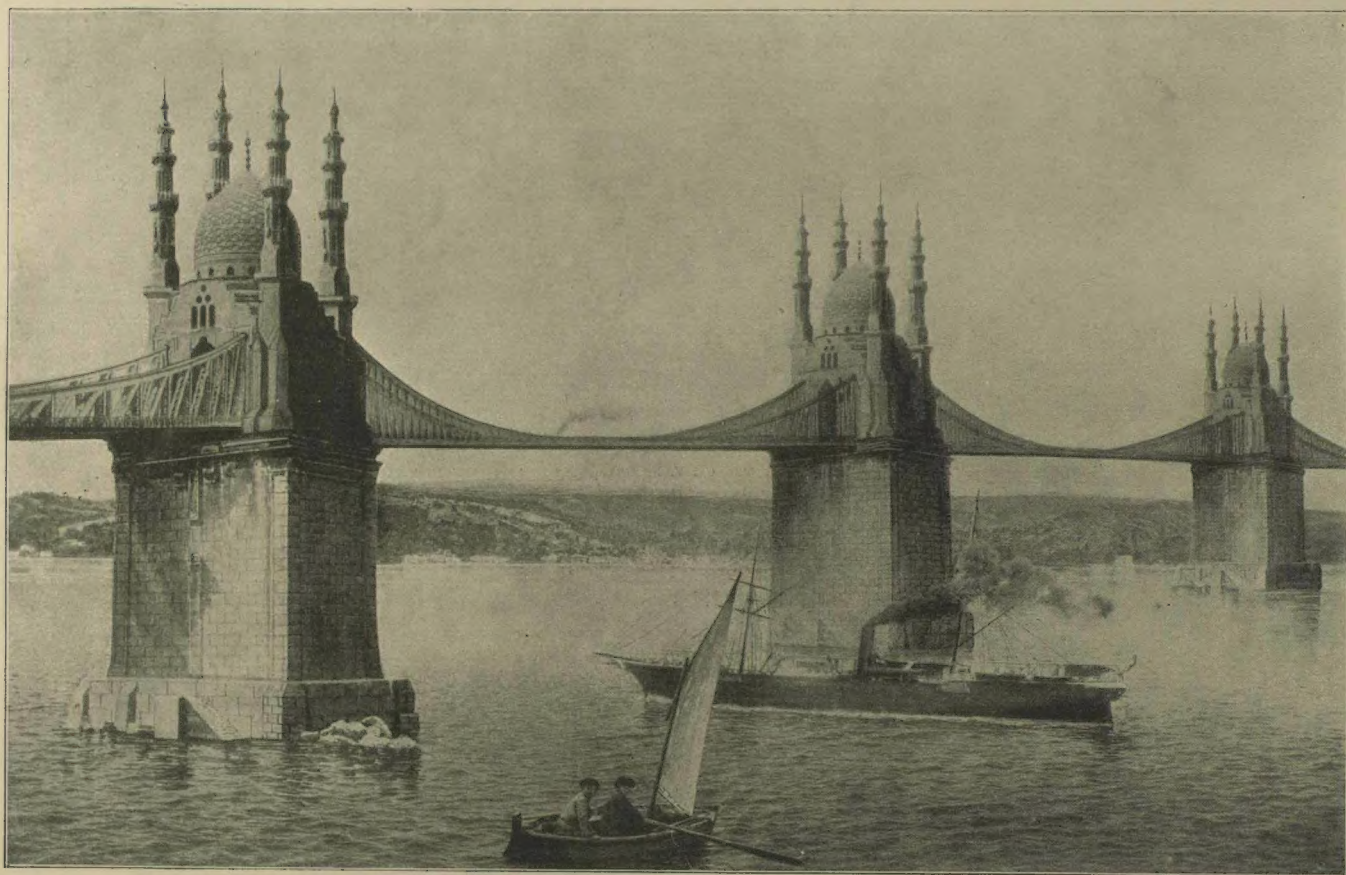
name as familiar to the Englishmen in India as it is with his fellow-countrymen at home. On another page we add eight portraits of the newly elected Mayors to those previously given.

THE UGANDA RAILWAY.

From Nyrobi, the headquarters of the Uganda line, comes the news that nearly five hundred miles of rail are laid. The only disconcerting thing is that the line has now reached the disturbed district, where the Wanandi may give the constructors a little trouble. Sir Clement Hill, by the last advices, had reached Eldoma Ravine, and was about to start for the Lake. He found a branch telegraph-line at work between the ravine and the railway; and it is probable that over its wires came the news of the fighting in the middle of October which resulted in the death of Dr. Sherlock and the wounding of Lieutenant Henderson. Practically all the telegraph-wires from the railway to the Lake are now set up.

THE C.I.V. MONKEY.

The pet monkey of the C.I.V. in South Africa has found a home in the Zoological Gardens. On the return of the Volunteers, it was presented to the Prince of Wales in his capacity as Captain-General of the Honourable Artillery



THE PROPOSED "SULTAN ABDUL HAMID BRIDGE" OVER THE BOSPHORUS.

come there with great hopes; but all their expectations had been exceeded. During the day the men were shown St. George's Chapel and other points of interest. London was reached by special train shortly after six o'clock.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO AUSTRALIA.

When the *Ophir* was a new Orient liner, a great many prophecies were made as to her future freights. She would fetch and carry this, that, and the other in the service of mankind. The shattered nerves of that passenger were to be restored; the fortunes of that one were to be retrieved while he economised on board; another was to learn the world's geography from her decks; while her record of mere commercial utility was made to include the carriage of forty thousand frozen sheep to feed us or of twelve thousand bales of wool to keep us warm. But the imaginative writer, in his list of benefits and glories that would accrue to the world from the building of the *Ophir*, did not include the actual service to which she is now set—the conveyance to Australia of the Duke and Duchess of York; and this under circumstances which make particularly historic the visit of the King and Queen-to-be to that portion of their future territory. The choice of the *Ophir* for the task in hand was the best possible one, for she boasts of being the safest ship upon the sea. Her machinery she carries in duplicate, and her comfort is as great as her security, which is the greatest comfort of all. H.M. ships the *St. George* and the *Juno* escort the *Ophir* on the journey which they are undertaking half round the world, and which will be followed at every stage by the eager good wishes of all sons of the Empire.

of connection. A military bridge, erected by a Corinthian long before the Christian Era, once spanned these six hundred yards of water at the same spot, and over it marched King Darius and his eight hundred thousand Persian braves. Lord Byron, impatient of bridges as of many things, swam the flood, and, as a result, was addressed in much minor verse as Leander. The new bridge is to be erected on lasting lines. Massive granite pillars are to be built, and these will support the steel cables on which the bridge depends. They will provide accommodation for artillery, and ornament will not be wanting in the shape of minarets and cupolas, decorated with tiles and arabesques.

THE NEW MAYORS.

London was never so rich in Mayors as she now is. Nor can it be said in this case that with the increase in quantity there is any deterioration in quality. Dukes have now donned in two London boroughs the robes of office, or will don them as soon as they are made. There is the Duke of Norfolk in Westminster, and there is the Duke of Bedford in Holborn. The Duke of Norfolk is not a novice; he has been Mayor and Lord Mayor of Sheffield, a double term of office which increased in importance during his own tenure of it. In Chelsea Earl Cadogan has accepted office in a letter which is very straight from the heart, but which does not let out any secrets as to the date of his retirement, if retirement it is to be, from the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Sir H. Seymour King, who has taken the civic rule at Kensington, is well known in Parliament as the representative of Hull, and he has a

Company. It is quite as active as its fellows in captivity, but its coat shows distinct signs of a chain-belt. The records of the "Zoo" describe it as "Sooty mangabey (*Cercopithecus fuliginosus*), male. Presented by Major McMicking, commanding the C.I.V. Field Battery."

AN "EDITION-DE-LUXE" OF THE RECORD NUMBER OF THE WAR.

To meet the numerous demands made upon us by those interested in the Transvaal War, we have determined to bring out an *édition-de-luxe* of our Record Number of the War in South Africa. The half-crown number was so much sought after that it was in very many cases impossible to prevent disappointment where application was made too late. The result has been that we have received many letters asking us to produce this sumptuous Record in a special form, and this we have now arranged to do. The book will have a magnificent binding designed by R. Caton Woodville, the beautiful cover of the cheaper issue being included inside. Every copy will bear the signatures of R. Caton Woodville, S. Begg, and Melton Prior (our Special War Artist in South Africa) under their respective portraits. All the photogravures will be plate-marked and interleaved with tissue paper, the rest of the number being beautifully printed on special paper. We may mention, as an additional interest to bibliophiles, that every copy will be numbered and initialed by the Editor, a fact which in itself proves how limited the issue must be. The price will be One Guinea, and we advise intending purchasers to order their copies immediately, at their booksellers or at the publishing office, 193, Strand.

PERSONAL.

General von Gossler, German Minister of War, has a curious historical sense. Complaint was made in the Reichstag of the conduct of German troops in China, and the Minister replied that the Germans were avenging in China the wrongs inflicted on their ancestors by the Huns!

The Southern Express from Madrid to Paris met with a terrible accident the other day between the towns of Bayonne and Dax in the Landes, where the carriages were derailed and ran down a bank. Among the persons killed—who numbered over a dozen—was the Duke of Canavaro, the Peruvian Minister in Paris. Among the injured, who number a score, is the Duchess of Canavaro, whose arms are crushed, but of whom satisfactory reports are now given. In connection with such injury to life, perhaps, as well to state that the Duchess's jewel-box, with contents valued at 40,000 l., at first reported to be missing, has been safely recovered from the wreckage of the railway carriage. The late Duke of Canavaro, whose title was more properly the Duke of Zogli, was brother of Admiral Canavaro, at one time Minister for Foreign Affairs in Italy.

The Duke of Manchester has married Miss Helena Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, without the knowledge of her papa. So innocent, indeed, was that gentleman that he contradicted the story of the marriage, and said his daughter was a spinster on the Atlantic Ocean. It remains to be seen whether he will reconcile himself to the truth, now that the bridegroom has disclaimed all desire for a dowry.

There are three Duchesses of Manchester—the wife of the Duke, his mother, and his grandmother. One hopes that their correspondence does not get mixed. Nothing is so little conducive to domestic peace as a mis-addressed letter. The friends of the new Duchess had better bear this in mind.

Lieutenant-Colonel Philip Walter Jules Le Gallais, of the 8th (King's Royal Irish) Hussars, who lost his life during a successful attack on the Boers near Bothaville, entered the Army in 1881, became Captain in 1888, Major in 1897, and two years later received brevet-rank as a Lieutenant-Colonel in recognition of his brilliant services with the Egyptian cavalry in the Sudan. Bringing from Omdurman a high reputation as a cavalry commander, he was appointed at Bloemfontein Adjutant-General to General Ian Hamilton when the Mounted Infantry Division was formed. With his chief he went in his flank march to Pretoria and Heidelberg. After the breaking-up of the Division, Colonel Le Gallais was given a detached mounted infantry command, with which he operated with many flying columns on the heels of De Wet. Polo-players and steeplechase-riders lose in Colonel Le Gallais an accomplished comrade. But all smaller regrets are lost in the larger one which his death calls forth among all ranks of his own profession. A great future seemed to be certainly in store for him, and a future which seemed to have special needs for just the kind of military accomplishment of which he was an acknowledged master.



Photo, Magill and Co.
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL P. W. J. LE GALLAIS,
8th Hussars, Killed near Bothaville.

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The appointment of Mr. William Bowen-Rowlands, Q.C., to the County Court Judgeship in the district which includes Birkenhead and Warrington as two of its centres, is announced.

The new Judge is the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Rowlands, J.P., of Glenover, county Pembroke, and he married, in 1864, Adeline, daughter of Mr. J. D. Brown, of Kensington House, Haverfordwest. He was Scholar of Jesus College, Oxford, and Second Class in Classical Honours. On the South Wales and Chester Circuit he has been the acknowledged leader; he has been Recorder of Swansea; and he sat in the House of Commons for Cardiganshire from 1886 to 1895. He is a Bencher of Gray's Inn, a member of the Council of Legal Education, and of the Catholic Schools Committee.

Sir Robert Daxter Llewelyn, K.C.M.G., the new Governor of the Windward Islands, has had long experience, of one kind or another, in colonial administration. A little more than thirty years ago he was an Extra Clerk in

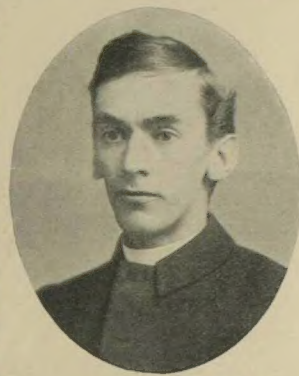


Photo, Russell.
HIS HONOUR JUDGE W. BOWEN-ROWLANDS,
New Judge of County Courts.

Bisdee therefore dismounted, placed the wounded man in front of him on his horse, and carried him out of range.

In the name of the Prophet, eggs! The Secretary of the National Poultry Organisation says that no egg can be relied upon unless it bears the trademark of the N.P.O. Is there sufficient public interest in the age of eggs to ensure a demand for that trade-mark?

The Rev. Herbert Henson Henson, who has been appointed to the rectory of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and to the canonry attached to it, was born only thirty-seven years ago. As a non-collegiate student at Oxford he took his degree in 1884, with a "First" in modern history, and he was at once elected to a Fellowship at All Souls. After his ordination in 1887 he became head of the Oxford House at Bethnal Green. Then he took the vicarage of Barking, Essex, and continued to be greatly interested in social problems. In 1895 Lord Salisbury appointed him to the Chaplaincy of the Hospital of St. Mary, Ilford, where he had more leisure to study and discuss theological and social problems, as the readers of the correspondence columns of the religious and the secular Press are aware.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
THE REV. H. H. HENSON,
New Canon of Westminster.

French politicians of the wiser sort are anxiously assuring us that the French enthusiasm for Mr. Kruger is not an expression of ill-will against this country. Whether it is or not, we shall remain calm. The frantic efforts of the organisers of demonstrations in Mr. Kruger's honour to persuade their friends to cry "Vive Kruger!" but not "A bas l'Angleterre!" are distinctly amusing.

Mr. Cecil Raleigh says that art in the theatre "does not pay," and he quotes figures to show that the financial responsibilities of theatrical managers compel them to give art a secondary place. If this be so, then nothing artistic can hold its own in this particular market. But surely there have been a good many productions on the London stage in the last twenty-five years which satisfied both art and commerce.

By the death of Sir Charles Taylor Du Plat, K.C.B., a devoted member of the Royal Household is lost to the Queen. Born in 1822, he was the son of Brigadier-General Du Plat and Pauline, Countess Hardenberg. He was educated at Woolwich, and entered the Royal Artillery. In 1854 he became Equerry to the Prince Consort, and acted as such until 1861, when he was named Equerry-in-Ordinary to the Queen. The General was twice married, first, in 1855, to Maria Christina, daughter of Sir William Dalryell, seventh Baronet; and secondly, in 1897, to Ann, daughter of Mr. J. S. Forbes, of Garden Corner House, Chelsea Embankment, whose name is known in the world alike of railway enterprise and of picture-collecting.



Photo, Maull and Fox.
THE LATE GENERAL SIR C. T. DU PLAT, K.C.B.,
Formerly Equerry to the Queen.

There is a lively discussion of Sir Frederick Bramwell's proposal to give the projected street between Holborn and the Strand upper as well as lower footways and rows of shops. The upper thoroughfare would be reached by staircases from the street, and at intervals light bridges would be thrown across the roadway. The upper shops would have a covered promenade, which is much to be desired in London in winter. The chief objections to the scheme do not seem to be insurmountable.



SIR ROBERT B. LLEWELYN, K.C.M.G., THE NEW GOVERNOR OF THE WINDWARD ISLANDS.

the Colonial Office. Then he went to Jamaica as Registrar of the Colonial Secretary's Office. The private secretaryship to Sir J. P. Grant and the Clerkship to the Privy Council, Jamaica, brought his record down to 1877. Then he became, in succession, Commissioner for Turk's Islands, Administrator of Tobago, of St. Vincent, of St. Lucia, and of the Colony of the Gambia. Sir Robert and Lady Llewelyn and two daughters will leave England by the *Orinoco* on Nov. 28.

Private John Hutton Bisdee, the Tasmanian Imperial Bushman who has just won the Victoria Cross by conspicuous bravery in South Africa, is a son of the late Mr. J. Bisdee, of Hutton, Weston-super-Mare. On Sept. 1, Private Bisdee was one of an advanced scouting party of eight passing through a rocky defile near Warm Bad in the Transvaal. The enemy, in ambush, opened hot fire at close quarters, wounding six of our men, including two officers. The horse of one of these wounded officers bolted. Private Bisdee gave the officer his stirrup-leather to help him out of action, but without avail. The officer was too badly wounded to go on. Private



PRIVATE J. H. BISDEE,
Tasmanian Imperial Bushman and V.C.

his stirrup-leather to help him out of action, but without avail. The officer was too badly wounded to go on. Private

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.

Sketches (Facsimile) by Mr. John Schönberg, our Special Artist in China.

THE SOUTHERN GATE OF PEKING, OCCUPIED BY THE BRITISH.

Our Illustrations of disturbed China, necessarily retrospective, include a view of the first entry of the British troops into Peking, an event which the past sufferings of the Legations made particularly memorable, and which will not be without its permanent effect upon the history of China. Major Scott, R.E., led the way under the water-gate in the part of the city where the long-suffering Legations were situated. The Indian soldiers waded in the mud up to their waists. The enterprising officer of Engineers—Captain Soady—who climbed the wall barefoot, unwound his nine yards of turban to serve him as a flag. Then the Britons opened the Inner Gate and allowed the Germans, the Russians, and the Japanese to enter. For the fortunate moment the "Boxers" had gone away, though they returned to fight another day. That is an old story now, but memories of all sorts, some of them very heroic ones, will long cling to the scenes Mr. Schönberg has portrayed, such as the old Southern Gate and Ambassador Road. The work of reparation and reconstruction has begun. It will efface some of the signs of wreck and ruin which our Artist has pictured: the railway station at Feng-Tai, for instance, where a good deal of science was shown in the overturning of engines and the overthrow of works by gunpowder. Gunpowder that might have destroyed much had it remained in the hands of the "Boxers," was captured, and itself destroyed after the battle of Yang-tun. The construction of the railway between Tientsin and Peking seems to be favoured by the natural advantage of very flat

ground at the point where our Artist made his sketch. Accordingly, five hundred feet of rails were laid on the first day by seventy or eighty men, under the command and direction of Captain Soady and the wounded railway-conductor, W. Albert. For the portrait of a famous prisoner held by the British, we have to turn to Mr. Schönberg's drawing of Chung-li, who was Civil Governor of Peking at the time of the outrages that included the murder of the German Ambassador.

The last few days have not brought things very far forward in China. Military operations have been at a standstill, but in the Kwang-si province Christians are by no means secure from attack. Non-Christians are wearing badges, the absence of which on the part of a native is regarded as a provocation to the rioters. The whole question of compensation for native Christians is under discussion. They have suffered in property, in limb, in life; but when compensation comes to be discussed they are left out of the reckoning. The difficulty of making awards on so great a scale is, of course, immense, and a certain prejudice, it may be argued, will be created against an unpopular class that presses its claims against its fellow-countrymen. But that argument appears to be specious when against it is set the fact that only by punishment, in some form or other, is the average Chinaman impressed with a sense of his own wrong-doing. This formula is so thoroughly understood by Europe in general that the Allies are holding out in their determination to exact the

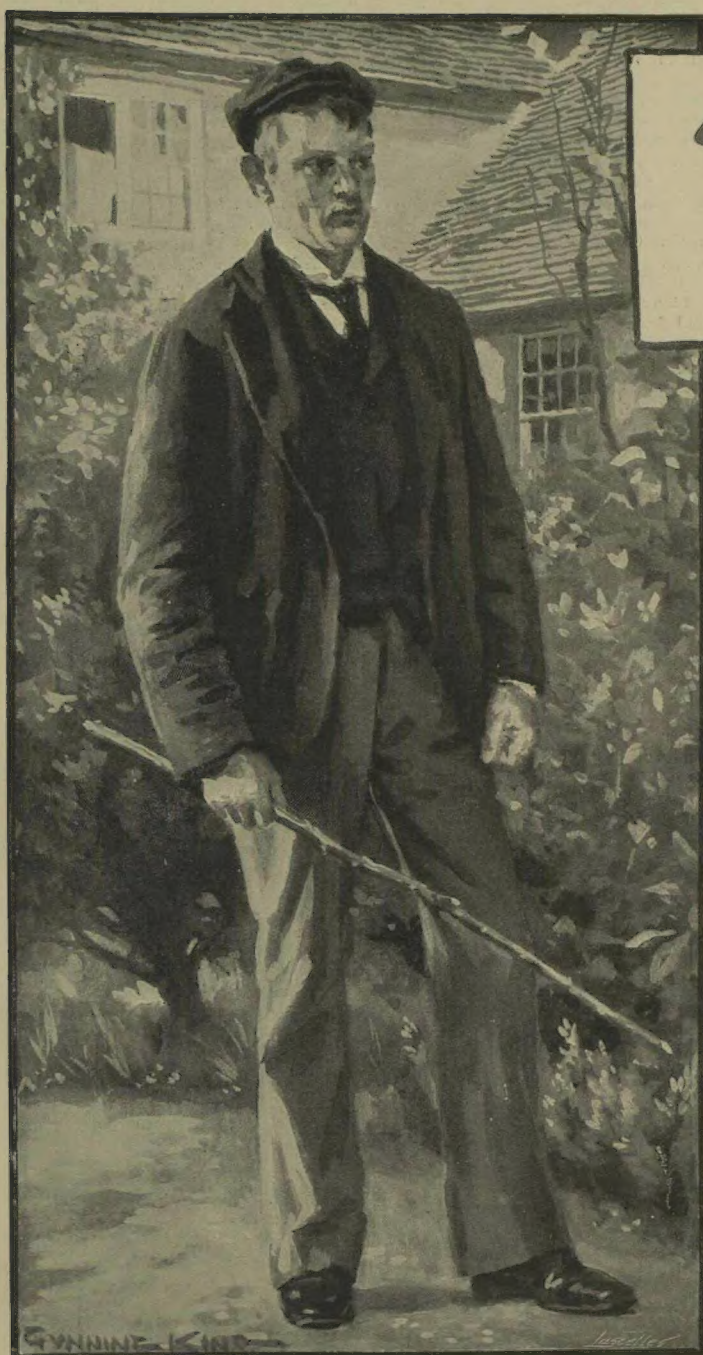
death-penalty in the case of the prominent officials already named as directly compromised by the Anti-Foreign Riots. A lull of diplomacy has set in; and when China becomes diplomatic, mere Europeans may well doubt if they will ever get their own. An Imperial Edict has been issued containing a revised programme of punishments. Prince Tuan (who, by the way, has to be caught first before he is disposed of in any fashion) is therein sentenced to banishment in Mukden—where his ancestral home happens to be situated. Duke Lan is to have his salary stopped, and is reduced one step in rank. Another miscreant is deprived of his rank, but not of his office; another is ordered to retire to reflect upon his misconduct, and another is sent into a banishment which, perhaps, is not very much severer than Prince Tuan's. As part of the same hushing-up and let-by-gones-be-gones policy, the Emperor has had the enterprise to address a special Note to the German Emperor—his most formidable judge, and the declared avenger of the murder of his Ambassador. "We see with pleasure," writes "the Great Emperor of the Ta-Tsing Dynasty" notwithstanding, "that your Majesty is inspired with friendly feelings towards us." The advice of the Emperor William that the Chinese ruler should return to Peking is accepted in the characteristic Chinese fashion. Return, of course, he will; but not now. "We shall at once fix the date of our return—so soon as the peace negotiations have had the desired result." And of that "desired result" the Emperor himself will be the judge.



CHUNG-LI, CIVIL GOVERNOR OF PEKING.



AMBASSADOR ROAD, PEKING.



A COMEDY OF CRIME

BY MAARTEN MAARTENS

ILLUSTRATED BY GUNNING KING.

"D—the blessed Sabbath!" was the unexpected reply.

Elder Boll uplifted his lean hands to the listening skies. An awful silence spread down from them upon the little group—the smithy, the beech, the two men.

"I beg its pardon," presently began the smith, his cheerful face ashamed. "I'm sure I beg the blessed Sabbath's humble pardon. I didn't mean to say as much as that. It's blasphemy. But you make me do it, neighbour Boll."

"I forgive you with all my heart," said Elder Boll.

The smith forced something down his throat that seemed to come leaping up it.

"But, I hope, dear neighbour," continued Elder Boll, "that you now have duly considered my warning and exhortation of the night—let me see—the night before last." He cautiously sunk himself down on the seat beside his burly victim, a proceeding of considerable difficulty, as the victim did not budge.

"The night before last and every other night," spitefully retorted the smith.

"It's just jaw—jaw—jaw. Well, you may jaw till Doomsday. I can't run away."

"Doomsday, indeed!" echoed the Elder, and dreadful thunder rolled with relish through his tones. "Doom! Doom! Doom!"

"Now it's you that's swearing," said the smith reproachfully, and wedged the tobacco down into his pipe.

"I shan't get tired! Don't fear," continued Boll, wagging his cadaverous face to and fro. "No, I'll warn you, neighbour; I'll reprove you! I'll exhort you—there's no escaping from me, Blufkin. 'Sarah,' says I to my wife every night, 'I'll never rest till I've brought that man, like a penitent, into the sacred edifice again!'" He pointed a crooked finger to the tip of the village spire, above the distant mass of trees.

"I'd have gone back a month ago, if it hadn't been for you," snorted the smith.

"Ah, there speaks the voice of the scorners. But you needn't try to escape from me, neighbour. No peace shall I know—nor you—till I've saved John Blufkin from his reprobate, hardened, impenitent condition, saved him like a—like a—"

"Don't you burn your fingers," interposed the smith threateningly.

"—Brand from the burning!" triumphantly exclaimed the Elder, catching at the simile. He sat up, or rather "clung up," as well as he could, on his end of the seat and eyed, with calm certitude, the big mass beside him.

"Now, look ye here!" bellowed the smith. "See what happens. Last Kermesse-time—and d— all Kermesses, says I: that's not blasphemy, but religion—last Kermesse-time—there never was a little misfortune befell in a village or Kermesse was to blame for it ["Amen!" said the Elder]—last Kermesse-time I finds a young fool a-trying to kiss my girl Suzie against her will. In the booth it was, where the five-legged calf was—MY GIRL!" He started up with a roar, and shook his mighty fist in the frightened Elder's face. The latter, shrinking back precipitately, lost his uncertain balance off the seat's edge, and subsided on to a heap of rusty barrel-hoops that lay handy by the smith's door. He was up again in a moment, with a squeak. As he hurriedly and anxiously began rubbing himself, the rude blacksmith's laughter rang loud and long.

"Why the devil can't you sit when you sit?" said the smith. "What's the use of seating yourself like that beside as good a bench as ever bore a weight like mine on to nothing at all?"

"On to barrel-hoops," corrected the old man savagely. "Untidy heaps of rubbish lying about a respectable man's house, and on Saturday evening, too!"

"I'm not a respectable man," retorted the smith with vigour, "and nobody knows it better'n you. When I hears my girl cry out I goes for that young fellow, and I gives him what for. I don't say I didn't give him more than what I first intended—"

"You half killed him," interrupted the elder viciously. "You'd had too much, and he'd had too much, and you forgot that vengeance is mine—"

"Yours?" cried the indignant smith. "You think you can put your finger—"

"Blufkin, you are a heathen! I pity you!" piped the shrill old man with immeasurable scorn. "Surely you know that vengeance wasn't yours, but—"

"Yes, that's what the magistrate said," continued Blufkin sullenly. "'Don't you know,' says he, 'that the police are there to repress misconduct?' Police! Repress! D—the police! I wouldn't apologise, not on a red-hot gridiron, for swearing at them!"

"I am an old man," said Elder Boll, with admirable forethought, "and I tell you you are a profane brawler. And what did you get for your pains? Eight days' imprisonment. For the rest of your life you stand marked a—"

"Don't say the word again!" burst in the enraged Blufkin. "Say anything you like—you're an old man, true, and a neighbour—but, mind you, don't say that word again!"

"Well, I'll only think it," retorted the Elder. "All the village thinks it, and always will."

The other ground his teeth, and the veins stood out black upon his forehead and across his great clenched fists.

"And therefore I say unto you, repent," continued the Elder, sweetly gazing at the pale blue sky. "That you was shamefaced and awkward about going to church when you first come back from prison was what we all could make allowance for. Haven't I reasoned with you, day after day? You just come back to church, I said; we'll all see that means you're sorry. Henk, that you half killed, 'll see you're sorry. He won't mind. You just come. We'll see you're sorry. That'll be repentance, atonement, remorse, a begging of everybody's pardons for the public offence; a humbling of yourself in the day of your abasement. But Pharaoh, King of Egypt—" He rose up, in all his rusty lankiness, and projected his piercing finger at Blufkin's chest.

"You go home," gurgled Blufkin.

The Elder carefully surveyed his companion's countenance, and then suddenly walked off without saying good-night.

The smith sat watching for a moment; then he gave a great gasp and disappeared into the house.

It was almost dark now. In the softly shaded night, all balm and tranquil happiness, the blacksmith's pretty

IN the placid summer sunset the village smithy rested. Surely there is nothing more suggestive of repose from labour than a village smithy with a fire that is turning grey.

Under the great beech the brawny smith sat thoughtful. His big arms, in the sleeves they seldom wore ere night-fall, hung idle across his bigger knees. The hard toil of the day—of the week—was over. On the fields, and the neighbouring cottages, and the silent road lay a drowse of gathering darkness. It was all very peaceful and tender, with but an occasional murmur or tinkle: night was approaching, the happy summer night, in which even, slow men's senses are stirred by the thought of the fairies' awakening: the kine lowed from the distance, full of the day's calm memories, in buttercup content.

The smith sat, his black brows frowning heavily, reposefully thoughtful, thinking of nothing at all.

From the homestead over the way, a shiny-white building, uncomfortably spruce, there issued a long, thin figure, in sombre clothing, which figure, majestically crossing a hundred yards of field and garden plot, advanced towards the sleeping smithy. The smith sat well back, his round eyes a-goggle, and snorted.

"Neighbour Blufkin, I wish you a good evening," said the lanky old person in the black tail-coat.

"Good evening, neighbour Boll," grumped the smith.

The first speaker blinked his eyes. "To-morrow is the blessed Sabbath," he said.

daughter that the Kermesse row had been about, sweet, simple Suzie, the apple of her father's eye, came down the quiet country road on her return from the weekly mission meeting. Beside her walked Peter Boll, the Elder's son, that was learning for lay evangelist, a sort of electro-plated parson.

"How sweet the air is!" said Peter.

"It is," said Suzie.

"But not as sweet as you," suggested Peter.

"How silly!" answered Suzie.

"It's the truth!" cried the love-sick swain.

"Gospel truth?" demanded Suzie, thereby catching the future theologian on the horns of a dilemma.

"Well, it's true enough for you and me," he made cautious reply. "Don't you like to hear me say it, Suzie?"

"Of course I like it in a way," frankly answered the girl. "Leastways, I suppose I shall when you've spoken to father."

"I'll speak to your father as soon as I can. Only—only—I do wish that first— You don't think, Suzie, there's any chance to-morrow?" He peered anxiously round into her face.

But Suzie shook her head.

"If father'd been a-going to church to-morrow, he'd have got himself shaved at the barber's to-night."

The young man sighed. "Still, there's no knowing, for certain," he ventured. "If the spirit was to move him—"

Suzie shook her head all the harder. "The spirit couldn't move him unshaved," she said; "he'd never have done that at any time."

"Father is that set on it!" groaned Peter. "He hasn't a good word for the smith. 'Jailbird,' he calls him. 'Jailbird,' I get sick of the word— Suzie stamped one pretty foot—"don't you get angry, Suzie; he is an unrighteous unbeliever. Father's only thinking of his soul."

"You leave my father's soul alone," said Suzie.

"I'm not meddling with it, but, you see, I ain't an elder. When I've been ordained a preacher—I shall have to meddle with it then!" He lifted a complacent smile to the lofty vault of heaven. A solitary star returned the smile.

"My own father-in-law!" he added. "I shall have to convert him then."

"You'll find it pretty hard work," replied Suzie, with a shrug of her shapely shoulders.

"Pooh, I tell you I'm bound to convert him. A pretty name I should get as a preacher, if I couldn't convert my own father-in-law!"

"Well, you try," exclaimed Suzie in a pet. "He's not your father-in-law yet, and I'm not at all sure he ever will be. Father's worth two of you, Peter. He licked Henk for making me cry out. You'll never lick Henk!"

"He's stronger 'n me," replied Peter; "I mean I must think of my good-conduct test. If anybody was to show impediment—"

"Oh, there's nothing wrong about your good-conduct test, I'll be bound. Poor father! No, you wouldn't have licked Henk."

"Licking's sinful," argued Peter; "the Bible says we should turn the other cheek."

"Yes, that's what I ought to have done to Henk," remarked Suzie complacently. "It was silly of me to cry out like that, and at Kermesse-time, too. He meant no harm, but he'd drunk too much, and was a bit rough, and he frightened me."

"Susan, for shame!" The aspirant preacher fell back.

"Henk isn't half a bad fellow! I like him," cried Suzie wilfully. They stood still by the fence round the smith's garden, where the side-road curves into the laurel-bushes.

"Say another word, and I will thrash him!" cried the infuriated lover.

"Do," spake a hearty voice, and a figure, stepping forth from the shade of the bushes, brushed the candidate aside, as a broom might sweep away a cobweb. "You'll have to, if you stop another minute, for I'm going to kiss Suzie again."

"Don't. Go away," said Suzie. But she almost let the two sentences run into one.

"There's two things I want to tell you, Suzie, before I do," continued Henk. "First, I'm sorry: I was a brute to frighten you. Secondly, your father didn't hurt me much. All the talk about death's door was malicious slander, set about by some people—they best know why." He shot the last sentence at Peter, who jumped aside.

"Don't shout so, for heaven's sake!" gasped Suzie.

But her warning came too late. A big head appeared over the tall fence, and the smith's loud bass demanded—

"Suzie, who's with you there? Parson's daughter? Come in."

"Father's standing on that horrid rain-barrel," whispered Suzie. "It's all right, father. Only Peter Boll, walking home."

"You come in at once!" The smith stumbled off his rain-barrel, with gruffly muttered compliments anent Peter, that sounded painfully distinct in the stillness of the night.

"Now you mark this," declared Blufkin, as soon as his rosy-faced daughter made her innocent entry into the kitchen, "I'll have no flirtations with Peter Boll."

"Oh!" said Suzie. "Mother!"

The cheeriest, healthiest, handsomest old cluck in the village immediately responded to the cry of her chick.

"Now, don't you talk foolishness, Blufkin," interposed the fat Vrouw, laughing, because she always laughed when she spoke, unless there were cause for tears. "I suppose you don't want the prettiest girl in the country to marry at all?"

"I don't say that," replied the smith, swiftly browbeat, as usual.

"Well, it looks as if you meant it. One young fellow comes courting her, and you give him a black eye for his pains; another—"

"He's a wild 'un," interrupted the smith.

"Granted that he be a bit wild before marriage. You was wild after. And Peter Boll. Is he wild, or too tame? Too good, I suppose, is Peter Boll?"

"Yes," thundered the smith. "You've hit it, old lady. Peter's too good. No son-in-law of mine shall turn up the whites of his eyes at his wife's father. I've enough of the old man's preaching: I won't stand the son's!" He banged his fist on the table at "won't," and Suzie screamed. "'Jailbird!'" says the old hypocrite. "'Jailbird!'" pipes the young one. "I'm a jailbird, am I!" He threw out his chest and faced the two women.

"Well, you are, after a way," replied the wife, thinking to soften him. But this time he refused to be shamed into peace.

"I'm a jailbird, am I?" he repeated quietly, turning to his daughter.

"Oh, father, I don't know."

"Yes you do. Am I a jailbird, yes or no?"

"Of course you are, in a way," stammered Suzie, beginning to cry.

"Of course I am. Now, mark my words. Your mother says I make difficulties about your marrying whom you like or she likes! No, I don't, none but one. The man that you marry must have been in prison, Suzie. That's all that I ask." He turned on his heel.

"What on earth does the creature mean?" exclaimed the mother, without laughter this time.

Blufkin paused by the door. "What he says," was his stern reply. "You want no better son-in-law than your husband, mistress. There's dozens of honest young fellows have got into scrapes about poaching or fighting or larking, a hundred times better than the sneaks that have kept out. And Suzie shall have a jailbird for a husband, or she shan't bring the man into this house!" He waited in the doorway as if half irresolute. "I swear it by all that's sacred," he said, and disappeared into the smithy. The women could hear him thumping hammers about on cold iron.

All the colour had gone from the mother's ruddy cheeks. "Oh, if only he hadn't said them last words!" she sobbed, and sank down on a chair.

"He don't mean 'em," exclaimed Suzie, scared, "he often says 'em."

"Never, child. Mean 'em or not, he'll stick to them now. What father says is 'by all that's solemn': he don't count that for much. But, Suzie, when I married the good man, he swore to me 'by all that's sacred' he'd never get drunk again except at Kermesse-time. He'd broke his oath before—the poor woman's tones went shaky—"but I'll swear to you 'by all that's sacred' he says with a frightened face, and, Suzie, he's kept to it: he wouldn't dare not."

Suzie lifted up her voice and wailed.

"During all these twenty years he's never got drunk, except at Kermesse, regular. And when he came back from—jail last month, he walks into this kitchen here with a face as white as yon tablecloth, and I'll stick to my two drams a day," he says, 'Kermesse or not,' he says; 'I swear it by all that's sacred.' I've never heard him say it but just that twice, and now. Oh, Suzie, you'll never be able to marry Peter now! Are you really sure you want to?"

"Yes," answered Suzie rebelliously.

"Well, there's no accounting for tastes," groaned the mother. "And it's very sudden, Suzie. You never used to think much of him, the canting—h'm. It was always Henk I thought you liked."

"Never!" exclaimed Suzie, with quite superfluous vehemence, turning very red.

Her mother stole a glance at her.

"There'd be some chance for Henk," said the Vrouw with a little ripple of humour, "though I never heard of his poaching. Well, a girl must have her own way about a husband. I had mine. Though if you was to ask me, Suzie, I think you're acting like the squire's daughter I was lady's-maid to, who chose the wrong man, and that's why they called it 'pick.'"

"Father's drove away Henk," murmured Suzie.

"Well, child, you needn't have screamed so loud. And at Kermesse-time, too, and your father so hasty. Your father's like a lord about his womanfolk: I will say that. There, call him in to supper. Hear him knocking the bits of things about in the smithy!"

The meal was a gloomy one, but a few hours later

Suzie's rather sulky slumbers were disturbed by the well-known sound of her mother's laugh. She opened her eyes to the glare of a candle and the shaking of a loose white mass. The ponderous Vrouw sank into a chair by the bedside, and fairly heaved to and fro.

"What is it, mother?" asked Suzie, not over-graciously.

"Suzie—hi! hi! hi!—now tell me, Suzie, you're quite sure you want to marry Parson Peter Boll?"

"Did you wake me up for that?" asked Suzie. "Oh, mother, how unkind you are!"

"Say you want to," persisted the cruel parent. "Or would you rather it was Henk?"

"I don't know. Let me sleep," answered the poor girl, closing her eyes.

"Well, you shall have your choice. A girl seldom changes her mind when it's set on the wrong 'un. If you want Peter you shall have him, child. I had to come and tell you that. I've got an idea. Hi! hi! hi!"

She rose heavily, still shaking her sides, and moved towards the door. "It come to me as I was undoing my back hair," she said.

"What idea?" cried Suzie, suddenly bolt upright in the bed.

"I'll tell you all about it in the morning. I must work it out."

"Well, I can afford to wait," said Suzie.

"That's a bad sign for Peter," replied the Vrouw, as she closed the door behind her.

Next morning, being the Sabbath, everybody went to church, excepting Blufkin. He stood, uncomfortable, behind his window, and watched the people go.

And he stood defiant before his door and saw them all come back. His wife and daughter walked slowly beside Peter. Before they separated, the Vrouw's idea had taken more definite shape.

"Who wills the end must will the means." The smith's wife quoted this bit of well-worn wisdom several times to Peter before she could get him to see how true it is. Her plan, in half-a-dozen works, was this. The smith, whose honest self-respect had been unduly humiliated, must be humoured in this crotchety of his about having a son-in-law no better than himself. To put the matter plainly, Peter must be helped to commit a crime. The Vrouw herself felt that Peter, unabashed, would be a trial beyond endurance.

"But I can't sin," pleaded Peter, with conviction.

"Nor you needn't," replied the ready Vrouw. "You can take the money—won't it be yours when you marry Suzan?—besides, you'll return the box to me an hour later."

"I can't do it," said Peter.

"And I'll show you what's inside."

Peter pricked up his ears. "I can't," he repeated, with the decision of weakness. "If I was to be found out—"

"Where'd your good-conduct test be?" interjected Suzie slyly.

"Well, then, do the other thing—what I said first. It's the better," cried the Vrouw, her face all ripples of laughter. "Go for Henk."

"I cuc—cuc—can't," gasped the wretched youth.

"Or you might try a bit of honest poaching. That's what father'd like second-best to a fight."

"Lord! I might get shot!" cried Peter. "That's worse than a fight."

"Well, that's what I thought," said the Vrouw decidedly. "I thought you'd mind priggish something least. I promise you I'll make things right enough. I'll explain to the smith, and he'll be glad to get quit of his foolish oath. The box with the money that Suzie's great-aunt left her is in the wardrobe in my bed-room: I'll leave the door unlocked. The good man sleeps in the parlour all Sunday evening. You'll put the ladder to the window at the back—hi, hi! You'll bring me the box at once, and before I tell the smith a word I'll make him swear by all that's sacred that Suzie shall marry you, if she wants to, as soon as you've done something could get you into prison!" The jolly Vrouw laughed on, as Peter thought, beyond rational cause for laughter.

"But he'll call me a thief," expostulated Peter.

"Only between ourselves: he'd never shame his daughter's husband in public. And the pleasure of calling Elder Boll's son a thief—he'd take you for that alone."

"But not if he thinks I am a thief!"

"Does your father think my man a 'jailbird'?" She turned on him triumphantly. "Do you want to marry Suzie, or don't you? Well, nothing'll prove your love to him like you doing all this for her sake. And he'll have his gibe ready to fling at you when you start preaching righteousness—as you will."

"There's no sin, as I can see," murmured Peter reflectively; "but there's a risk."

"Yes, the box is heavy," continued the smith's wife. "There's a good deal in the box: you'll know it by its weight. You're sure you want to marry Suzie?" She stole an ugly look at him from out her cheerful eyes.

"You needn't ask him again, please, mother," said Suzie, with uplifted nose.

Peter gazed at the pretty tilted feature, but, alas! his thoughts were of the box. Suzie was known to have inherited money: the wildest rumours circulated as to the amount. Had ever mercenary lover a better opportunity before marriage of finding out exactly what he loved?

"You'll show me what's inside?" he said.

"I keep my promises," answered the Vrouw, shortly. "Yes; you shall see what's inside that box."

"And you'll lock the parlour-door?" continued Peter.

"Don't I tell you he's asleep all Sunday evening? A-sitting looking up the road with his eyes shut!"

"And you'll stop with him all the time and keep him from coming after me?"

"He won't come after you," replied the smith's wife with much meaning.

"I'll do it," said Peter. "It's a capital way——" but he did not finish his sentence.

round to the smith's door for a little friendly chat. The Vrouw met him with her fingers to her lips. "Hush, he's asleep," she said.

"He is," replied the Elder. "In trespasses and sin. Stand aside, Vrouw: 'tis my mission to wake him!" And he banged a loud bang with his stick on the parlour door.

The Vrouw shrugged her shoulders, and grinned an expressive grin. "Oh, of course," she said, "if it's your mission to wake him!" And she flung wide the door.

"Giggle not, woman!" said the Elder sternly, as he took his seat beside the smith and began to expound the beauty of repentance in the manifestly fallen, the value, in a community, of public humiliation after patent shame.

Meanwhile Peter, having assured himself, by repeated peeping, of the smith's sleepy presence at the parlour window, having even waited until he could distinctly hear

down and get a footing on the water-butt. Yes, one could easily do that.

He placed the box on the window-sill, and let himself down by both hands. Clinging tight, he took the handle of the box between his heavy jaws, and felt, dangling with both legs, for the top of the water-butt.

Alas, at that moment, in the very gasp of success, a violent pain shot across his body and changed the gasp to a howl. He twisted under it, with a wrench, that caught his flapping coat-tail in an iron hook against the wall, and the money-box dropped clanging to the ground. For a terrible moment he hung there, shrieking with agony, as blow after blow descended, lustily dealt, half-way down his long, wriggling frame. Several people had come running out the house with a lamp. His screams, objurgations, and curses arose on the calm air, alternately threatening and pitiable—in a minute it was all over, and Peter lay spluttering in the water-butt. They



"Now it's you that's swearing," said the smith reproachfully, and wedged the tobacco down into his pipe.

"It is," declared Suzie's mother. But she again laughed inordinately, as she watched Peter cross to his home. "Suzie," she said, "you're a fool, girl, but I pity you. It's your father's doing. And what can we do? Henk——"

"Oh, mother, please don't talk of Henk! It is father's doing. I never want to hear his name again."

"I was only thinking that if Henk were to do something that got him into prison, it wouldn't be stealing a money-box." She repeated these words with many furtive glances and head-shakings at her daughter. She slipped out in the afternoon, and went, as she said, to see her sister; but when she came back she laughed so much that the smith was annoyed at her untimely gaiety. He felt very cross himself, weighed down by his silly oath of the night before. He had a great opinion of his wife's judgment and a poor one of his own, but he knew that even she could not release him from the bonds of "all that's sacred." A terrible power indeed.

"Don't be a silly featherhead!" he said, so she knew he was longing for her guidance.

When the still Sabbath even had fallen, Elder Boll came

a continuous snore, crept round to the unlocked gate at the back of the garden, found the ladder, as advised, in the outhouse, and softly stole up through the grateful darkness to the open window on the second floor. His heart went pit-a-pat, but whether with fear or expectation he could hardly have told himself. His hands trembled as he seized the box in the cupboard, and felt its enormous weight. He knew that this trembling of the hands was a tribute of nature to gratitude already awakened and to hope that soared beyond hope!

He hurried with his pleasing burden to the window, and rapidly felt along the sill. The ladder was gone.

"O Lord!" he said, and he was such a confounded hypocrite that really one cannot be sure whether the words were not a prayer.

He looked hastily to right and left: there was no escape. But at that very moment he needs must fancy that he heard a sound on the stairs.

He looked down the wall, trying to measure its height in the darkness. It was not so very high, and the water-butt stood close beside it. The ladder must have fallen among the bushes. There was nothing for it but to slip

pulled him out quickly, and propped him up against the wall.

Then he saw all their faces at once, in a circle, Suzie's, and her mother's, and the smith's, Henk's—and his father's!

"Peter!" screamed the horrified Elder. That was almost the worst of all. The dishevelled and dripping lover saw, as his rapid glances travelled round the company, amazement and amusement written on every brow. Only the stolid, handsome yeoman, whose hand held a goodly switch, fresh-cut from the bushes, wore an air of calm content.

"Peter!" cried the Elder, wringing his hands, "Oh, what a fall was there!"

"There was indeed!" said the smith. "Into the water-butt."

But Peter's eyes now rested on the money-box. It had struck against a rail and burst open. A great brick had fallen out, leaving it empty. "Why, there's nought but a lump of brick in it!" he said.

"What! A thief!" exclaimed Blufkin, finding speech.

"A thief!" repeated Henk, as amazed as the others. "And I thought he came after Suzie."

The Vrouw began to laugh and laugh. "Get away!" she cried, winking to Henk. "What do you mean, you scoundrel, by peevling about this house, when nobody knows you're near?"

"Well," replied Henk, and hung his head before the smith's uncertain gaze, "you see, I—*am* after Suzie." He straightened himself. "Yes, dang it all," he said, "and in spite of all, I'm after Suzie."

"Where's Suzie's money?" suddenly shouted the smith, and ran towards the prostrate figure with menace in face and gesture. Peter doubled himself up and shrieked.

"Keep cool, smith!" called his consort. "Suzie's

by-gones be by-gones. I love you for licking the skulking cat."

"We'll have the law of him, never you fear!" cried the Elder.

"You're sure you will?" interposed Vrouw Blufkin, suddenly pushing to the front.

"Sure!"

"Certain?"

"What does the woman mean? I never swore in my life, but I'll swear to Henk's going to prison for assault and battery."

"Then in that case he'll be a jailbird like me——"

ART NOTES.

At the Goupil Gallery (Regent Street) there is a collection of pictures by Mr. W. Mouncey, an artist who has obtained distinction north of the Tweed, and apparently also on the banks of the Elbe, but who hitherto has not been much known in London. If we are to accept the account of Mr. Mouncey's career as told in the biography prefixed to the catalogue, we shall have to extend the saying "Peebles for pleasure" by adding, "and Kirkcudbright for art." It is to be regretted, for Mr. Mouncey's own sake and reputation, that his biographer should have thought fit to place him on so isolated a pedestal. Mr. Mouncey's pictures are very interesting and even attractive. It is possible that they may be the result of his own study of nature, and of the surroundings amongst which he has lived, but it is not possible to bring oneself to believe that he has been untouched by foreign influences, or that he has reached his methods without careful study of his predecessors and of his contemporaries. Such works as "The Watergate," "The Ferry Steps," and the like, bear the obvious impress of the influence of the French Romantics, who had been inspired by Constable to look to Nature as their guide. On the other hand, the pictures of Kirkcudbright itself and its neighbourhood, especially the coast scenes, are marked by the tone and treatment which distinguish the modern Dutch painters of the school of J. Maris, Bosboom, and the like. It is, of course, possible that in art as in science there are floating ideas which find almost simultaneous expression in various parts of the world; but it is more probable that wide-spreading personal sympathy founds "schools of art" in different countries—the local note or temperament accounting for numerous variations. From both points of view—the artistic and the psychological—Mr. Mouncey's pictures are deserving of careful attention, and not the less because they show an individual development of the Glasgow school, and of Scottish art.

At the Fine Art Society's Gallery (New Bond Street) Mr. Herbert Schmalz has an exhibition of pictures aptly entitled "A Dream of Fair Women," for the majority of the Nitas, Belindas, Clorindas, and Célestes of which it is composed are wanting in reality. As a mere *tour de force*, intended to display the painter's skill, such a collection may have its merit, and it would be strange if some of the pretty faces, with their dainty draperies, did not attract some patrons.

Mr. Thomas McLean (Haymarket) gives hospitality to numerous foreign artists, but they are chiefly contemporaries. Of these, the Dutch painter M. Jan van Couveur is the most noteworthy of the later arrivals, and his compatriot, M. P. J. Clays, holds his own as a marine painter. Exhibitions like this of Mr. McLean, however, suggest the question whether British artists obtain abroad equal opportunities of disposing of their wares, or whether "the open door" of our picture-galleries is not a policy which puts our own picture-producers at a disadvantage? Of the English works at Mr. McLean's a certain historical interest attaches to an early work by Mr. Luke Pildes, "Shelling Pens," painted a score of years back; and to an undated, but apparently old, picture by Sir L. Alma-Tadema, "The Architect," which may have been a study for a larger work. Of the pictures which would seem to have more immediate relation to the present exhibition, Mr. H. Wood's "Water-wheels of Savana" is the most important, for the larger work, "A Highland Glen," by Mr. Peter Graham, is too obvious a *rechauffé* of the ingredients which so often form the staple of his products to excite our interest.



His wife and daughter walked slowly beside Peter.

money is safe enough. It'll never be Peter Boll's!"

Peter Boll lifted his angry eyes to her face, and a look of intelligence stole across them. "I don't want the money," he said, "but I'll have my revenge of that howling brute."

"Who did you say was 'howling'?" asked Henk.

"Assault and battery," responded Peter.

"O Lord, yes, assault and battery!" chimed in Elder Boll. "Peter, my boy, never you mind. I know you meant no harm. Imprisoned for assault and battery!"

"Like father," said Suzie, amazed at her boldness.

"Shall I make it worth your while?" asked Henk, switching the air as he spoke.

But the smith interposed with outstretched hand.

"It's Peter must go to jail for stealing my bricks," he said cheerfully. "Shake hands, Henk, and let

began the smith, as a grin broke slowly across his awkward features.

"The pair of you, indeed, in a Christian parish."

"And your clerical son," concluded the smith.

"So Suzie can take her choice," suggested Suzie's mother, as the Elder fell back, disconcerted.

"Tush, tush," said the smith; "we'll all go to church together before anybody goes to prison!"

THE END.

The National Portrait Gallery has had a rather fortunate year for windfalls. Bishop Barry has given a portrait of his father, Sir Charles Barry, architect of the Houses of Parliament. The Shelley portraits, left by the poet's daughter-in-law, are a great acquisition; and, last of all, the death of Professor Max Müller has brought the portrait of him painted by Mr. Watts, R.A.



Photo, Symonds, Portsmouth.
LIEUTENANT C. MACKENZIE, R.N., D.S.O.



Photo, Martin Jacobite.
LIEUTENANT E. CHARRINGTON, R.N., D.S.O.



Photo, Farnes & Yokohama.
ENGINEER G. H. COCKEY, R.N., D.S.O.



Photo, West, Southsea.
SURGEON C. C. MACCHLEAN, M.B., D.S.O.



Photo, Gunn and Stuart.
LIEUTENANT V. E. B. PHILLIMORE, R.N., D.S.O.



Photo, Wapland.
LIEUTENANT W. T. CHESWELL JONES, R.M.L.I., D.S.O.



Photo, Evans, Yokohama.
MIDSHIPMAN B. J. D. GUY, R.N., V.C.



Photo, Hayles and M. H.
LIEUTENANT E. G. LOWTHER-CROFTON, R.N., D.S.O.

NAVAL OFFICERS REWARDED FOR SERVICES IN CHINA.



Photo, Vernon Barker and Price.
MR. NATHANIEL PAGE,
Croydon.



Photo, Lang Sims.
DR. J. WHITE, L.C.C. (M.),
Lambeth.



Photo, Mull and Fox.
MR. R. H. GREEN (L.),
Poplar.



Photo, Barclay Brothers.
MR. W. J. CHUBB, J.P. (M.),
Islington.



Photo, Gyle, Aberystwith.
MR. ESOS HOWES, J.P. (M.),
Finsbury.



Photo, T. Fall.
MR. E. MANN (M.),
Stepney.



Photo, London Stereoscopic Co.
MR. W. H. HORNCASTLE (L.),
Hackney.



Photo, Larcadey.
COLONEL S. D. BRYINGTON (M.),
Bermondsey.

THE REVOLT IN ASHANTI



THE SIEGE OF KUMASI: THE GOVERNOR, SIR FREDERICK HODGSON, DIRECTING THE DEFENCE FROM THE FORT.

Drawn by Mr. R. Caton Woodville, from a Sketch by an Officer with the Expedition.

T H E R E V O L T I N A S H A N T I .



THE ESCAPE OF SIR FREDERICK AND LADY HODGSON FROM KUMASI: CROSSING THE FRAIL.

Drawn by Mr. R. Caton Woodville, from a Sketch by an Officer with the Expedition.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A.



AFTER THE BATTLE OF YANG-TUN, AUGUST 6: BRITISH TROOPS DESTROYING GUNPOWDER LEFT BEHIND BY THE "BOXERS."

From a Sketch by Mr. John Schönborg, our Special Artist in China.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A .



WITH THE ALLIED TROOPS: CAPTAIN SOADY AND HIS DETACHMENT OF SIKHS CLIMBING THE WALLS OF PEKING.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MR. JOHN SCHÖNBERG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA.

"Almost the first to enter Peking were Captain Soady and his detachment of Sikhs. On reaching the top, Captain Soady unwound his turban and waved it as a signal to the rest of the British soldiers, who opened the inner gate to admit the Russians, Japanese, and Germans."—EXTRACT FROM MR. JOHN SCHÖNBERG'S LETTER.



THE QUEEN AND HER EMPIRE: THE INSPECTION OF COLONIAL SOLDIERS FROM SOUTH AFRICA AT WINDSOR CASTLE ON NOVEMBER 16.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. CARO WOODVILLE.

"It is with the greatest pleasure I welcome you here to-day, and I thank you all for your loyal services, and I wish you God-speed and a safe return home."—ADDRESS BY HER MAJESTY TO THE TROOP.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Amusements of Old London. By William B. Boulton. Two vols. (London: Nimmo, 30s.)
The Cinque Ports. By Ford Madox Hueffer. Illustrated by William Hyde. (London: Blackwood, 2 guineas.)
The Lane that had no Turning. By Gilbert Parker. (London: Heinemann, 15s.)
Joan Brotherhood. By Bernard Capes. (London: Pearson, 6s.)
The Eagle's Heart. By Hamlin Garland. (London: Heinemann, 6s.)
The Anglo-Saxon Review. Vol. VI., September, 1900. (London: Lane, 21s.)

In the dedication to his mother (who is not exactly the relative one associates with all the diversions in question) Mr. Boulton speaks of the contents of his volumes as "these little essays." That is modest, but it may be misleading. Mr. Boulton is not an essayist in the technical sense. He is the writer of gossip chapters on the cock-pit, the play-tables, the masked assembly, the al-fresco tea-gardens, the fairs, the prize-ring, the parks, the clubs, and coffee-houses which were the vogue during the period that begins with the Restoration of Charles II. and ends with the accession of Victoria. The amusements of Old London, as Mr. Boulton says, are best imagined from the newspapers and from the lighter memoirs of the times. To these he has had recourse with very good purpose; and in the art of condensation proper to the task he must rank as a master. Whether a volume, luxuriously produced with large type and large margins, is quite the fit form for matter of the sort, is a point for the reader; but the determination to enter the book among art-publications is evidenced by the insertion of a dozen hand-coloured illustrations from contemporary sources. The open-air entertainments which modern County Councils are doing something to develop had their counterparts in the pleasure-gardens of the Stuarts. But there was a shadow—the shadow of an impending Nemesis—on these frolics. Mr. Pepys himself experienced it at one of those gardens when he felt his "heart ache" over the doings of Harry Killigrew and of other "very rogues." Under Anne and the Georges, Mr. Boulton contends, contrary to the generally current impression, Londoners really began to enjoy themselves. Security in the State meant amusement for the masses; and the increase of al-fresco places of entertainment during those duller reigns seems, in this particular at any rate, to prove Mr. Boulton's point. The old story of the gaming-clubs is retold—the famous furo at Brooks's, and the infamous losses at exclusive "rockfords." Teresa Cornelys, whose masquerades were all the rage, but who dropped out of the ranks of fashionable entertainers and died in indigence, engages the sympathy of Mr. Boulton, and of his readers, though perhaps only for her misfortunes.

Closely associated as they are with the beginnings of English history and the growth of British naval power, the ports that in old times, in return for their exceptional privileges, defended the Kent and Sussex coast are full of suggestion and interest. Mr. Hueffer, in this handsome volume, recalls the tribulations that they underwent from foreign raids, fire, and the incursion or recession of the sea; shows how the inhabitants revenged themselves on their foes by not infrequent attacks on French coast towns and ships, and does more than this by affording a description of the towns and their neighbours as they appear under modern conditions. Though, on the whole, his work will be of great value to inquiring visitors in directing their attention to ancient landmarks and picturesque scenes that might otherwise escape them, it must be said that his investigations are sometimes superficial, and his observations occasionally lacking in perception. For instance, his account of Seaford seems to be mainly derived from that useful functionary the station-master, who, however, did not engage the author's imagination in regard to the quaint old fishing-village that, up to quite recently, preceded the town. Those who have taken pleasure in examining the time-worn dwellings and curious streets of Old Hastings will be disappointed to find that it could elicit no sympathy from Mr. Hueffer; and it must be almost a shock to lovers of medievalism to see Rye treated with such scant respect as he is able to bestow on this old-world town. Its picturesque houses and other fascinating and suggestive characteristics have so little attraction for him that he can bring himself to write, "There is nothing very old about the place—or very little. . . . The real charm of the town is the lines of its streets." The atmosphere of the past, by which it is still pervaded, despite its new buildings, escapes him, as well as its artistic charm. Mr. Hyde's illustrations, one

of which we reproduce, are spirited, and in some cases remarkably successful, and add much to the attractiveness of what is, regarded altogether, a useful and acceptable work.

Mr. Gilbert Parker's new book is composed of tales of Lower Canada, the longest of which makes about a fourth of the whole, and supplies the covering title. Not unnaturally, it is dedicated to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in a few sentences on the unity and the "splendid future of the nation whose fibre is got of the two great civilising races of Europe." Mr. Parker says that he has seen people as frugal and industrious as the French Canadians, but never "frugality and industry associated with so much domestic virtue, so much education and intelligence, and so deep and simple a religious life." These qualities are demonstrated in these more or less connected stories of Pontiac, the series of

off the stage, and then (although she is the wife of a Revivalist preacher, insane with jealousy) she goes off with the young gentleman who has found the money for her ill-starred enterprise. This she does with the idea that it is the only honest repayment of the debt. The subsequent complication is scarcely suitable for family reading, but anyone who feels bound on that account to skip it may be cheered to learn that Joan and her Revivalist are eventually reconciled, and that, as they say in the "agony column," all is forgiven.

If Mr. Hamlin Garland had never written anything else, "The Eagle's Heart" would suffice to win him a reputation. It is a fine book, instinct with humanity, quivering with strength, and in every fibre of it alive. It is not a book: it is a man with an unconquerable heart. Mr. James Lane Allen is the only other American writer who could have done this thing, and it is doubtful if he has the compressed force and staying-power to do it. Mr. Allen, too, is the only other who possesses the wide grasp necessary to gather into half a page of print the overpowering influences and attractions of the vastness of the American wilds, the mountains and the grass valleys, the cañons and the rivers. Love, according to Mr. Garland, is the only passion strong enough to combat the magnetic power of these far-away Western solitudes. It was Love that drew Harold Excell to the towns, and when Love proved unkind the open sky and the long trail called him back and gave him comfort as no human friends could. Harold was an outcast from his own kind: the smug dwellers in towns did not want him, and he "had no use" for them. The cowboy and the Indian became his comrades, the snow-covered peaks and the virgin leagues his true lovers. In a word, Mr. Garland has given us of his best in "The Eagle's Heart." It seems a pity that the exterior of the book should have been presented in such an unattractive form.

In the latest number the "Anglo-Saxon Review" is still described as edited by Lady Randolph Churchill, who adds, in brackets, her new name of Mrs. George Cornwallis

West. Nearly two hundred and fifty handsome pages are covered with handsome type, which fits some contributions but does not fit all. Very ordinary magazine articles are Sir Wemyss Reid's "London After Forty Years," Dr. Richard Garnett's "Shelley's Views on Art," and Mr. S. Lane Poole's "Sir Harry Parkes in China." Such articles, which would read very reasonably and ordinarily in the magazine of commerce, are here a little overdressed—a difficulty which even Mr. Murray's *Monthly Review* must needs encounter. There are persons on whom Sunday clothes do not seem to sit; and there is the same awkwardness in some articles upon which the glories of get-up have been unduly thrust. An article which does not groan in its golden shackles is "A French Governess," by Miss Edith Sichel. There is humility in the title at any rate, for the French governess is no other than Madame de Maintenon. Not gorgeous herself, she had at least a gorgeous environment. "Sa Solidité," Louis XIV. called her, not without reason, where others were nothing if not flippant. The sketching in of Madame de Montespan is not quite convincing; but of the King himself Miss Sichel strokes in contribution to a portrait are well directed. Madame de Maintenon, that lady of benevolences and of orderly devotions, lives in a line of Sainte Beuve, who says of her that she was "always occupied with others, and never loved them." Her actual life, from the days in which she was a bit of a Bohemian, as Madame Scarron, to those in which she was something of a complacent martyr as the consort of Louis XIV., was as adventurous in virtue as the careers of most of the other women of the Court were adventurous in vice. Let this be told in honourable remembrance of her: that she had no hand in the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—an event which Miss Sichel misdates by a year. Mr. George Whale, in the same social vein, discusses "The Salon in England," laments its departure, and relates over again some of the well-known stories of Holland House in those palmy days of its history which have a date—the earlier decades of the century. Mr. Andrew Lang makes talk of "Three Seeresses"—Joan of Arc, whom he worships; Miss Smith of Geneva, whom he

questions; and Mrs. Piper, whom he doubts. Mr. Bernard Miall translates a miracle-play by Maeterlinck; and perhaps, by way of bringing the reader back to fact, somebody else informs us that Goethe was a "great German poet." Mr. Hugh Clifford supplies a story sufficiently interesting, but less so than would at this moment be a plain statement as to the sudden resignation of his Governorship in Borneo. The illustrations are as satisfactory as process-blocks can make them. Among these is Tishbein's portrait of Emma, Lady Hamilton, a version of her that is less gay and less bewitching, but not, perhaps, less beautiful than Romney's.



DUCK-HUNTING.

Reproduced from "The Amusements of Old London," by permission of Mr. John C. Nimmo.

which, we are sorry to gather, Mr. Parker now declares finished. The longest of the tales, "The Lane that had no Turning," is, to our mind, the least satisfactory thing in the volume. It does not move us, though we can easily conceive of its being a moving story. "A Worker in Stone," "Mathurin," and "Uncle Jim," are of altogether finer quality. They remind us more of the stories of "Pierre and his People," though it would be entirely wrong to say, and perhaps too much to expect of them, that they reach the high level of these others. Mr. Parker, like many more of our novelists, created a dangerous rival for himself in his first book.

Mr. Bernard Capes is one of the young writers who have read Mr. Meredith not wisely but too well. Mr. Meredith is a man of genius who does with his characters what he pleases, and often makes them think and talk as no human beings in their circumstances could ever have thought and talked. We submit to that because it is done by Mr. Meredith. We are also content and even eager to



THE GATEWAY, BATTLE ABBEY.

Reproduced from "The Cinque Ports," by permission of Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons.

read his philosophical disquisitions because they proceed from an exceptionally powerful and original intellect. But Mr. Bernard Capes cannot lay claim to being a Mr. Meredith either from his past work or from his last work. We are not impressed when he puts into the mouth of a "super" at a theatrical banquet the remark, "We are like Belshazzar on the verge of ruin." If Mr. Capes knew anything about life behind the scenes, he would know that "supers" are not invited to theatrical banquets. Joan Brotherhood is a waif from the sea, who grows up with an ambition to be an actress. It is a mistaken ambition, for Joan is hissed



MR. G. W. BALFOUR
(President of the Board of Trade).

Drawn by Mr. S. Begg.



NOVEMBER PHEASANT-SHOOTING: AT THE EDGE OF THE COVERT.

Drawn by E. Bellecroix.



WITH THE ALLIED TROOPS TO PEKING: CONSTRUCTING A RAILWAY LINE BETWEEN PEKING AND TIENSIN.

Sketch (Facsimile) by Mr. John Schöenberg, our Special Artist in China.



WITH THE ALLIED TROOPS TO PEKING: THE RAILWAY STATION AT FÊNG-TAI DESTROYED BY THE "BOXERS" AND CHINESE IMPERIAL TROOPS.

Sketch (Fürmaße) by Mr. John Schaubert, our Special Artist in China

Location of Fêng-tai by Chinese Troops & Boxers. The Junction of the Road to the English.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

My readers will probably not mind my leaving Paris for the nonce in order to talk to them about Marseilles, upon which, according to the journalists of the capital, the eyes of the whole of civilisation are fixed at the hour of my writing these lines. I do not intend to give a description of the handsome seaport and its monuments, for, wonderful though these be, an account of them does not come within the scope of this article. Moreover, the inhabitants of the city are much more wonderful than their surroundings, for they are absolutely the greatest artists in fiction the world has ever seen. Of course, all of them do not consign the fruits of their imagination to paper, like that famous Joseph Méry, the friend of Alexandre Dumas the elder, and who, on one occasion, managed to hold the whole of France spellbound for weeks by recording the progressive stages of a quarrel between two savants, neither of whom, any more than the disagreement itself in which they were supposed to be embroiled, had the slightest existence, save in the mind of the author. Nevertheless, Joseph Méry, as the incarnation of mendacity, did not stand the test of comparison with some of the ordinary citizens who were content not to write, and cheerfully elected to confine their powers of mystification to the relatively restricted public of Marseilles itself. To chronicle the exploits of even a small number of those modern imitators of Homer and Virgil would fill a book, albeit that neither the "Iliad" nor the "Æneid" would have the ghost of a chance, as far as facility of invention goes, with their exploits. A few samples must suffice.

One day Théophile Marsolier, a native of the Cannebière, was moodily walking up that famed thoroughfare. For three days or more he had failed to interest his fellow-townsmen, and, like Alexander the Great, he sighed for more worlds to conquer. Suddenly he ran up against his chum, Aristide Cranton. "What's the news, Théophile?" asked the latter. Théophile became inspired at once. "There is a crab at the entrance of the port, and it is so huge that not one of the ships can enter," he answered demurely. With which he passed up town. An hour later Théophile came down the street, borne along by the tide of humanity, rushing like mad towards the breakwater. "What's the matter?" he inquired. "The matter!" was the reply: "there's a crab at the entrance of the port, and it's so huge as to prevent any ship from entering." Théophile stood for a moment undecided; then he, too, began to run, muttering to himself, "If it were true, after all!"

The tale was known to Dumas the elder, and when he visited Marseilles he was prepared for any and every species of canard, large or small. He was not disappointed, though he had not heard a very abnormal piece of lying. Then somebody told him about Grosson, the head custodian of the Château d'If, which the novelist had made known to the world in his "Monte Cristo." "Go and see Grosson," his friends said; "if he does not astonish you nobody can or will." Dumas went incognito, and asked Grosson to show him round. Grosson pointed out the hole in the wall of the cell of the Abbé Faria, by which hole he had communicated with Edmond Dantès, and, besides, showed him the make-shift tool with which the task had been accomplished. "The affair," Grosson went on to say, "has been put into print by M. Alexandre Dumas, who became one of my friends long after the publication of the book. It's a pity, for there are many inaccuracies which I could have prevented from seeing the light had I been consulted." Dumas gave Grosson five louis, and he exclaimed afterwards: "But for the sake of bread, I should never write again, for I'm not in it as a novelist with him." (Grosson, who died six years ago, never knew his generous benefactor's name.)

Well, this wonderful city of Marseilles, the inhabitants of which, as concoctors of fiction, drew the admiration of one of the greatest novelists that ever put pen to paper, has, at the time of writing, been shaken to its depths. The said inhabitants have made the, to them, unwelcome discovery of the existence of a set of liars with whom they will not even attempt to enter into competition. Their admitted superiors in that respect are none other than a group of Boulevardier journalists. To the intense astonishment of the Marseillais, their city was invaded at the end of last week by the correspondents of several English newspapers and other sightseers, all bent upon awaiting the arrival of Mr. Paul Kruger. They—the new arrivals—had been attracted by the constant descriptions in the Paris journals of the preparations made for welcoming the ex-President of the late South African Republic. The strangers naturally expected to find the town bubbling over with excitement; to watch the members of the reception committee rushing to and fro; to see the Prefect and the Mayor tear their hair in despair in their attempts to curb the enthusiasm of the population, lest it should finally lead not only to a breach of the peace among themselves, but to complications with England. They made sure of beholding the Camebière, in which is situated the Hôtel de Noailles, at which Mr. Kruger is to take up his quarters, belaguered from one end to another. Alack and alas for the purveyor of news, not to mention those who merely came out of curiosity! There is no excitement, the Prefect and Mayor are perfectly composed, the Cannebière, as well as all the other thoroughfares, are literally barren of bunting, and there is not the slightest mention of Mr. Kruger or of his arrival among the people foregathering in the cafes, or on the Exchange, or, in fact, anywhere. One of those correspondents stood for an hour or more in front of a print-shop, the window of which contains a portrait of Oom Paul. During those sixty minutes he remained perfectly solitary; no one else even bestowed a passing glance upon the counterfeiter.

This is the situation four days before the *Gelderland* is due. The Marseillais may, however, take it into their heads to take the Parisians' cue, just to prove that they are not to be beaten in lying on their own ground; but the demonstration will lack the gounness that springs from real sympathy.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor HERWARD.—You have failed over No. 2561 with a very goodly company. If 1. P to R 4th becoming a Bishop, what move has Black left?

BURROUGHS.—But there are always catches in problems, and No. 2561 has proved itself an admirable example of the chess. You are to be congratulated on escaping at your second attempt.

J. M. MOURAT.—In No. 2561 your fears are justified, and you are one of many victims. We have seen no problems of yours.

J. W. V. L. (Whitcomb).—"Chess for Beginners," published by Routledge, would probably answer your purpose. Price 2s. 6d.

J. W. T. (Calesta).—The first business of a critic is to know his subject and knowledge of problems is not gained by merely "recent attention."

A problem must be solved in the stipulated number of moves at most, whatever Black plays. In No. 2941 it can only be effected in the way we published, and in no other. We told the continuation of K takes R.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2945 received from C. A. M. (Penang); of No. 2944 from C. A. M. (Penang) and Banard Day; of No. 2945 and 2946 from Banard (Moradabad); of No. 2947 from C. M. M. (San Bernardino, California); of No. 2949 from Charles Burnett, Edward J. Sharpe, Emile Frau (Lyons), and Dr. Goldsmith; of No. 2950 from H. S. Brandt (Morad), Emile Frau (Lyons), Eugène Henry (Lewisham), C. E. H. (Clifton), and J. Bailey (Newark).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2951 received from J. W. (Huddersfield), H. Maxwell Priddleaux (Bristol), Shadforth, W. A. Lillie (Edinburgh), Sorrento, J. F. Moon, Brindish, C. M. O. (Buxton), R. Worters (Canterbury), Edith Cosner (Belgaie), and Edward J. Sharpe.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2950.—By C. B. WITHERELL.

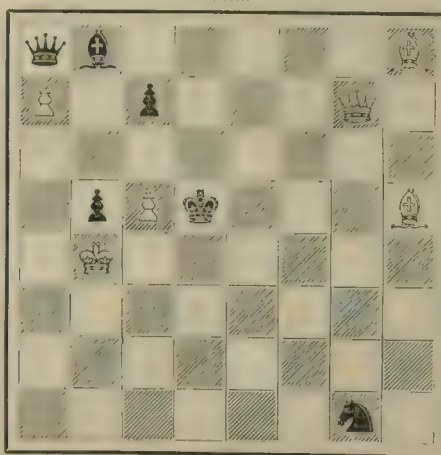
WHITE. 1. Kt to B 5th. 2. Q to Q 4th (ch). 3. B mates.

BLACK. Kt takes R. K takes Kt or moves.

H. Black play 1. Kt takes R. 2. B to B 7th (ch); if 1. Kt to B 2nd, 2. Q takes R P (ch); if 1. P to R 2nd, 2. Q to B 5th (ch); if 1. K takes R, 2. Q takes R P (ch); and if 1. K to B 3rd, then 2. Q to R 3rd (ch). 3. moves 3. Kt, Q, or B mates.

PROBLEM No. 2953.—By Miss D. GREGSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN CHERTENHAM.

Game played between Messrs. H. A. FOXWELL and W. S. BRANCH.

(Ray Lopez).

WHITE (Mr. F.) BLACK (Mr. B.)

1. P to K 4th. 2. P to K 4th. 3. B to K 5th. 4. Kt to K 3rd. 5. B to K 5th. 6. Kt to K 3rd. 7. Kt to K 3rd. 8. Q to Q 5th. 9. B to K 2nd. 10. P to Q 3rd. 11. P to Q 3rd. 12. Kt to B 2nd. 13. P to Q 4th. 14. Kt to K 2nd. 15. Q to K 2nd. 16. Kt takes K P. 17. K takes K P. 18. Kt to K 3rd. 19. P to Q 4th. 20. Q to Q 3rd. 21. Q to B 2nd. 22. P to Q 3rd. 23. P takes P. 24. Kt takes Kt. 25. Q to K 7th (ch). 26. Q takes Kt P (ch). 27. Q to K 7th (ch). 28. B to K 3rd (ch). 29. P to B 3rd. 30. Q to Q 7th. 31. K takes R. 32. K takes P (ch). 33. K takes R. 34. K takes R. 35. K takes R. 36. K takes R. 37. K takes R. 38. K takes R. 39. K takes R. 40. K takes R. 41. K takes R. 42. K takes R. 43. K takes R. 44. K takes R. 45. K takes R. 46. K takes R. 47. K takes R. 48. K takes R. 49. K takes R. 50. K takes R. 51. K takes R. 52. K takes R. 53. K takes R. 54. K takes R. 55. K takes R. 56. K takes R. 57. K takes R. 58. K takes R. 59. K takes R. 60. K takes R. 61. K takes R. 62. K takes R. 63. K takes R. 64. K takes R. 65. K takes R. 66. K takes R. 67. K takes R. 68. K takes R. 69. K takes R. 70. K takes R. 71. K takes R. 72. K takes R. 73. K takes R. 74. K takes R. 75. K takes R. 76. K takes R. 77. K takes R. 78. K takes R. 79. K takes R. 80. K takes R. 81. K takes R. 82. K takes R. 83. K takes R. 84. K takes R. 85. K takes R. 86. K takes R. 87. K takes R. 88. K takes R. 89. K takes R. 90. K takes R. 91. K takes R. 92. K takes R. 93. K takes R. 94. K takes R. 95. K takes R. 96. K takes R. 97. K takes R. 98. K takes R. 99. K takes R. 100. K takes R.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played between Messrs. A. B. TIDORS and S. LIPSCHULTZ.

(Queen's Pawn Game).

WHITE (Mr. L.) BLACK (Mr. L.)

1. P to Q 4th. 2. P to Q 4th. 3. Kt to K 3rd. 4. B to K 5th. 5. Kt to B 3rd. 6. P to K 3rd. 7. B to Q 3rd. 8. Castles. 9. P takes P. 10. Q to K 2nd. 11. Q to B 3rd. 12. B to K 5th. 13. P to K 4th. 14. Kt to K 2nd. 15. P to K 4th. 16. Kt to K 2nd. 17. P to K 4th. 18. Q to K 2nd. 19. Q to B 3rd. 20. Kt to K 3rd. 21. P to K 3rd. 22. Kt to K 3rd. 23. P to K 3rd. 24. Kt to K 3rd. 25. P to K 3rd. 26. Kt to K 3rd. 27. Q to K 3rd. 28. P to K 3rd. 29. Q to K 3rd. 30. Kt to K 3rd. 31. P to K 3rd. 32. Q to K 3rd. 33. Kt to K 3rd. 34. P to K 3rd. 35. Kt to K 3rd. 36. P to K 3rd. 37. K to R 3rd. 38. K to R 3rd. 39. K to R 3rd. 40. K to R 3rd. 41. K to R 3rd. 42. K to R 3rd. 43. K to R 3rd. 44. K to R 3rd. 45. K to R 3rd. 46. K to R 3rd. 47. K to R 3rd. 48. K to R 3rd. 49. K to R 3rd. 50. K to R 3rd. 51. K to R 3rd. 52. K to R 3rd. 53. K to R 3rd. 54. K to R 3rd. 55. K to R 3rd. 56. K to R 3rd. 57. K to R 3rd. 58. K to R 3rd. 59. K to R 3rd. 60. K to R 3rd. 61. K to R 3rd. 62. K to R 3rd. 63. K to R 3rd. 64. K to R 3rd. 65. K to R 3rd. 66. K to R 3rd. 67. K to R 3rd. 68. K to R 3rd. 69. K to R 3rd. 70. K to R 3rd. 71. K to R 3rd. 72. K to R 3rd. 73. K to R 3rd. 74. K to R 3rd. 75. K to R 3rd. 76. K to R 3rd. 77. K to R 3rd. 78. K to R 3rd. 79. K to R 3rd. 80. K to R 3rd. 81. K to R 3rd. 82. K to R 3rd. 83. K to R 3rd. 84. K to R 3rd. 85. K to R 3rd. 86. K to R 3rd. 87. K to R 3rd. 88. K to R 3rd. 89. K to R 3rd. 90. K to R 3rd. 91. K to R 3rd. 92. K to R 3rd. 93. K to R 3rd. 94. K to R 3rd. 95. K to R 3rd. 96. K to R 3rd. 97. K to R 3rd. 98. K to R 3rd. 99. K to R 3rd. 100. K to R 3rd.

The following problem by Mr. H. F. W. Lane was awarded first prize in Kingston Society Tourney—

White: K at Q 5th, Q at Q 7th, R at Q 8th and K Kt 6th, B at Q 3rd and Q 5th, Kt at K 7th, P at K 3rd and Q 4th.

Black: K at K 4th, Q at Q 7th, R at K 3rd, B at Q 5th, P at K 2nd, Kt at K 4th, Q 7th, and Kt 4th. White mates in two moves.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Lord Roberts's admirable letter to the British nation on the subject of "treating" the troops on their home-coming, will have been read with sympathetic and approving comment by every person. It was a kindly letter, prompted by that forethought and anxiety for the welfare of his men that have endeared Lord Roberts to the hearts alike of the army and the nation. I trust sincerely that his advice will be acted upon when next any "mafficking" takes place anywhere. I suggest that if people will spend money on such occasions, they might give it to the fund for the soldiers' widows and orphans. It will certainly do more good thus disbursed than if it found its way into the publican's till, and I do not doubt the publican himself will heartily endorse this remark. For your licensed victualler is not a selfish person as a rule, and he is assuredly a loyal and patriotic person enough, in so far as my observation of him is concerned.

Lord Roberts's remarks suggest a topic of much importance, whether regarded from the scientific or from the social point of view. Are we becoming more or less sober as a nation? for instance, is one query which arises out of the Field-Marshal's letter. Again, is there a process of national evolution in the matter of the development of the alcohol habit? And if so, in what directions, and according to what methods, does the evolution proceed? My friend Dr. G. Archdall Reid would answer these questions without hesitation. He thinks that before a nation can attain a high or absolute level of sobriety, it must have passed through an evolution of inebriety and drunkenness. Just as an attack of scarlet fever, as a rule, renders the patient immune against future infection, so drunkenness in a nation, in time, is regarded as tending to develop a distaste for alcohol. If not a distaste, then alcohol at least is believed to have less effect on the descendants of the drunken than on those whose progenitors were sober folks, and it is urged that where there is less enjoyment of alcohol (I use this term in a Pickwickian sense) there will be less tendency to take it. In other words, when men cease to experience its intoxicant effects, they will renounce it as a useless item in their existence.

If I have succeeded in stating Dr. Reid's views correctly, it is evident he is proceeding on the Darwinian notion of minute and infinitesimal variations working out the natural selection process. It is a case of the survival of the fit and the elimination of the unfit, these last being your drunkards and ne'er-do-wells at large. There is no rapid evolution postulated, be it observed. "The mills of God grind slowly," is the motto of the man who regards the elimination of the taste for alcohol as proceeding on the lines figured forth by my friend. He is also a Weismannian, in the sense that he denies the possibility of the acquired characters of the parent being transmitted to progeny. What "acquired characters" are—I mean how we are to define them rigidly—may be a much more difficult task than ardent Weismannians imagine. But on this view there is no direct transmission of the distaste for alcohol. You may educate, teetotalise, and cultivate the microbe of abstinence as you will, the process of improvement will not go by any direct route. The parent will not hand on his abstaining principles to his son. Everything is to be done by the slow, minute impressions made on the germ-plasm whence new beings spring, although how inheritance can be conveyed thuswise alone, leaving the body-plasm unaffected, is a mystery which, physiologically speaking, I own frankly I am unable to comprehend.

The sober nations of the world, Dr. Reid holds, have been the drunken ones, and in his papers he gives support to this contention. Now he may be right in his assumption that a national trial of inebriety is the necessary prelude to the development of sobriety and temperance. Myself, I do not doubt this, because the whole history of alcohol shows that every nation has its little tittle, and that there is a universal tendency on the part of humanity to make its heart glad with wine, or something that will intoxicate. Sacred and profane history alike testify to this fact. From the fermented palm-juice of a South Sea Islander to the *vin brut* of the civilised man, there appears to be a widespread development of the alcohol habit. So one may well suppose that temperance comes later in the "files of time" than inebriety; and, if so, this is a thought on which we may certainly congratulate ourselves as rational beings.

How the evolution proceeds is exactly the question at issue. I am of opinion it works out on two lines, the one physical and the other mental; but I am just as positive in my view that the effect of improvement in one generation (*pace* Dr. Reid and Weismann) may be directly transmitted to the next. If it were not so, what is to be hoped from all our lavish expenditure of money and effort in education and social improvement all round? Why, if we are to have no more cakes and ale to-morrow, should we care one halpenny about being virtuous to-day? We are improving our sanitation in this generation in the sure knowledge, as Sir John Simon long ago remarked, that the benefits will appear with tenfold force in the next. We are training our slum young in the hope that they will grow into the honest, cleanly men and women of to-morrow, and we hope that their descendants may similarly continue to walk in ways of pleasantness and of peace.

So it is surely with all physical and moral improvement. If the Hooligan of to-day is not to be directly bettered by the aid of the law, of education, of moral restraint, and, I will add, of the Church as well, why waste time on his reformation? I should become an ardent disciple of Schopenhauer to-morrow if I imagined that the good developed by one generation is not handed on to the next. The bad certainly is; why not the betterment as well? Therefore what we sow to-day for temperance, we shall reap in due season. This is the hopeful outlook of all who are labouring for the good and elevation of the race. It is only such a view of things, not foreign to or contradicted by science, that can cause us never to weary in well-doing.

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NOTE.

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LADIES' PAGE.

Flats have already largely superseded houses in the popular estimation of the West End of London, and probably will do so in increased proportion; this is the obvious inference to be drawn from the comparatively few empty flats, and the rents, exorbitantly high in proportion to the accommodation, that are obtained by flat-landlords. A member of a firm of house-agents, Mr. L. Snell, read a paper on the subject last week before the Auctioneers' Institute, the chief object of which was to encourage arrangements for making flats in future the means for co-operative housekeeping—that is to say, to have a kitchen to supply all the inmates of a block with their meals, a public dining-room to which all repair to eat, a housekeeper to manage the servants who are engaged in cleaning for all the inmates, a porter to "answer the door" and take in messages and parcels for all residing in the block. For such flats there is a great and ever-growing demand. But whether this plan, so attractive in theory to the busy woman, can be satisfactorily carried out in practice, remains, to my mind, unsettled. I have been acquainted with several people who lived in "mansions" conducted on this plan, and I have never known them to be satisfied. The attendance is inefficient; not unnaturally, for the dissatisfied tenant cannot dismiss the offending servant, nor can the tenant readily remove from his unfurnished rooms as he can from a hotel if his

But rumour says that so far as "lone lorn" women are concerned, the want is about to be met by an American woman, Mrs. Hetty Green. This lady is said to be "the second richest woman in the world"; she is much written about in the journals of her own country, and from them I learn, *inter alia*, that she lives economically and dresses with remarkable plainness and disregard of fashion; that she goes out marketing for herself with a big bag to carry home her own purchases in; that she is so much pestered by reporters that sometimes she disappears from her little home for a considerable time to avoid them, and other statements, the sum of which is that Mrs. Hetty Green is an original character, but for the accuracy of which I cannot vouch. If it be true, as is stated, that she intends to expend a very large sum in order to teach England how to provide homes for women of moderate means—those benefited none the less paying enough rent to return five per cent. on the capital, and so to be free from the unpleasant and demoralising sense of receiving charity—she will "write her name on our hearts."

Peter Robinson's Christmas Bazaar is already in full swing downstairs at their great establishment at Oxford Circus. It is a perfect palace of delights for a child. No youngster, even one of the most fastidious or unusual tastes, but will find something here to his mind; while the average little doll-lover and toy-fancier will be in a Paradise of exciting joys. There is the most lovely show of dolls, of all sizes and sorts, unbreakable kid or rag, stately wax, useful composition, stuffed calico as regards the body and china as respects the face and hands, and, in short, every variety of the doll tribe, at all prices, from a few pence to pounds. They are very pretty things, many of them, perfect triumphs of modelling, with the hair naturally set in and curling round the rosy plump cheeks. Some of the dressed ones are provided with a complete trousseau, all to put on and take off; others are attired as sailors, soldiers, Japs, Indians, long-clothes babies. Out-door frocks and coats and hats are on some, and evening dress on others of the miniature children, one and all guaranteed to delight little mothers' hearts and brighten the nursery Christmas. There are cooking-stoves and all other furnishings for the dolls' houses that are as numerous and as various as the dollies themselves. There are shops fitted up with drawers, counters, scales, and weights, and all else necessary to the illusion that the dolls' mammas can go shopping from baker, butcher, chemist, or grocer. The doll can have her bath, can go for a ride in her little pram, can invite her friends to tea or dinner with her own china and cutlery, or can learn to play on her own piano—a miniature instrument on which a little tune can be actually played, just as a dinner can be cooked on the stoves, in the larger sizes of each toy. After the day is over dolly can go to bed in her lace-trimmed swing cot or in a more humble bed. Boys will be well pleased with the large and fully replete stock of toy machinery, such as the clockwork railway, with its train, rails, bridges, and stations, or the armoured train, with kopje and soldiers complete. Forts can be taken or defended by soldiers of every branch of the service, assisted by the Handy Man; while trumpets and drums may add to the illusion of the outfit of the Guardsman or the khaki warrior, in which a boy can encase himself. Other clockwork and steam toys are innumerable: a "rolling platform," on the model of that at the Paris Exhibition, and a motor-car are up-to-date

and amusing. Noah's Ark has not ceased to please the rising generation; paint-boxes, boxes of bricks, puzzles, theatres, and all varieties of parlour games are in abundance at the great Oxford Circus bazaar of Peter Robinson. Nor are the elder recipients of gifts forgotten; photograph-frames are in great variety and novelty, and some, such as the Empire gilt screens or the Florentine brass, are both uncommon and decorative additions to a nice room. Dainty ornaments for girls, fans, laces, china, card-cases, real silver trifles, and hundreds of nick-nacks of all prices and kinds are gathered together at this most attractive show.

Furs are very lovely this winter. The combination of three sorts of fur in one garment, which at first seems rather in bad taste, grows on one amazingly, and a new fur coat will not now meet my approbation (save it be of the perfect sables that nothing may compete with) unless it combines the lustre of seal with the colouring of sable, the smooth darkness of black broadtail with the relief of a touch of ermine, the inky charm of black caracul with the contrast of silver fox, chinchilla, or cream broadtail. Excellent new coats are now constructed about half of fur and half of velvet. A capital one has the fullness of a Russian blouse in black velvet drawn in at the waist behind, so as to leave a short basque, under a band of velvet embroidered with jet and gold; over this is a short bolero of broadtail, and a shoulder-cape, springing



BADGE PRESENTED TO WILLESDEN VOLUNTEERS.

The badge of which we give an illustration was recently presented by the Willesden District to local Volunteers returning from South Africa. The design and manufacture were entrusted to Messrs. Mappin Brothers, of 231, Regent Street, W., and 66, Chesham, E.C.



A SEASONABLE CLOTH GOWN.

wants are not attended to; consequently, bells are not answered, rooms are not "done out" when most convenient to the residents, and a hundred little irritations and vexations arise. More than that, the food supplied is often ill-cooked or is served half cold, and in one case known to me, that of a very pretentious place in the best part of London "flat-land," it is actually inadequate in quantity. I have recently had lunch there, and the meal consisted of a little poor soup, a tiny cutlet with one potato only for each guest, a very little coarse greens, and—bread and cheese, off which really the meal had to be made! Then the catering is very dear. Mr. Snell stated that in a block where "co-operative housekeeping" has been a great success, the tenants paid only on an average twelve shillings weekly for food. I should like to know where to find the "mansions" at which twelve shillings would supply a tolerable dinner alone for each of the seven days! I have found that about thirty shillings a week per head is asked at the most modestly priced ones for three meals a day of the same substantial and yet refined and varied character that middle-class people are accustomed to provide for their families. I have inquired a good deal into this question, in the interests of women: for the combination of the privacy of one's own flat with co-operative catering—of a common kitchen and dining-room, with a drawing-room and bed-chambers completely shut off by a "front door"—appears ideal for the working gentlewoman, the wage-earning wife or spinster, who is a necessary element in our modern social scheme. But I have never found one such co-operative residence in this country passably organised.



THE DERBY CUP.

The Derby Cup, run for on Nov. 16, is thirty-one inches in height, exclusive of its base. The body of the cup, which is in Grecian style, is boldly fluted and enriched by a carved frieze of acanthus leaves, the decorations being repeated on the cover and the foot of the cup. It is the work of Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited, Regent Street.



A CLOTH GOWN TRIMMED WITH VELVET.

narrowly out of the front above the bolero, widening over the shoulders, and falling well down the back in a square shape of velvet edged with a deep band of broadtail, and above that embroidered with gold and jet; the storm-collar in "l'Aiglon" shape is of the broadtail, and a jabot of lace closes the throat. A bolero coat in black caracul, with a vest of white broadtail embroidered slightly in gold, is strapped with pale purple panne in narrow lines, and has the collar lined with the same rich colour. Silver fox, that expensive and beautiful fur, makes a three-quarter-length mantle; the storm-collar of chinchilla, the fox over the shoulders cut so that the "nap" runs down, and the rest of the garment with the lines of the fur going round the figure to give a sort of flounce effect; a strip of heliotrope velvet is then laid round the base of the collar and formed into a bow with the aid of a lovely nouveau-art buckle at the front; a few long loops of chenille falling from the bow. Of course, these are all what the French call "of a terrifying luxury," but it is unnecessary to describe the everyday garments that can be viewed in all the country drapers' shop; I tell you of the smartest things that this great rich London contains, and you must modify them to suit your own means.

Useful and seasonable cloth gowns are those illustrated. The one with the revers and collar turned out with white cloth is made in a dark face-cloth, braided, and finished with velvet points; the hat is felt, with velvet and feathers for trimming. The other is in cloth trimmed with a design in white appliqué and outlined with black. Collar and turn-back cuffs are in sable, and the small vest and under-sleeve in soft silk.

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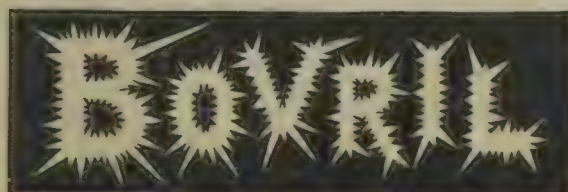
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LORD ROSEBERY'S "NAPOLEON."

It is often said that the historical enmity between England and France slumbers, but never dies. Some people think that, on the French side, it is always in active eruption, and there are military writers who make our flesh creep by telling us that France is always moving troops nearer her northern coast as a preliminary step towards an invasion of our shores without the formality of a declaration of war. Amid these alarms it is refreshing to observe the quick appreciation with which the French Press has received Lord Rosebery's most judicial, temperate, and sympathetic estimate of the great Napoleon ("Napoleon: The Last Phase," London: Arthur L. Humphreys). While we discuss the possibilities of a French invasion, there are apprehensive Frenchmen who warn their countrymen that when England has finished off the Boers she will send her Army to attack France by way of Madagascar. At such a moment a book like Lord Rosebery's, written by an English statesman who has played a conspicuous part in our foreign policy, and is likely to play it again, has a distinctly soothing effect on both peoples. We have abandoned our traditional hatred of Napoleon, and are willing to see with Lord Rosebery's eyes the most formidable enemy we have ever known. The French are surprised and pleased, and so there is reason to hope that both invasions will be postponed. Lord Rosebery has done a remarkable service to international goodwill. Moreover, he has written a book which shows his historical judgment at its best, together with a remarkable gift of critical narrative. It was no light task to grapple with the Napoleonic literature of St. Helena, and disentangle from a mass of lies the merits of the controversy that has raged for three-fourths of a century over the captivity of the fallen Emperor. That captivity was a necessary measure, carried out with a total lack of



THE CRISIS IN CHINA: THE THRONE ROOM, PEKING.

judgment, and with incredibly bad taste. At Elba Napoleon had been accorded the rank of a monarch in compulsory retirement. There was neither sense nor decency in denying him that courtesy at St. Helena. To harass him for six years with a silly persecution that culminated in the refusal to allow "Napoleon" to be inscribed even on his coffin was a policy worthy of a Hudson Lowe, but unworthy of the English people. In pronouncing that historical verdict Lord Rosebery will have the general approval of his countrymen. His estimate of Napoleon's character is more debatable, but it is likely to be accepted as substantially just. It relieves us finally of any remnant of that prejudice which was wont to describe Napoleon as the "Corsican

usurper" and the "Corsican upstart." Although a Corsican, he was none the less a French citizen; and he was no more an upstart than any warrior who has founded a reigning family by the sword. He rescued France from the chaos that followed the Revolution, and up to a certain point he was not simply a conqueror, but one of the ablest rulers of modern times. Unhappily, his ambition ceased to be sane; his genius was clouded by monstrous dreams, and a superhuman egoism destroyed the public spirit with which he had regenerated France. He had to be treated as the common enemy, and his power was broken at last by the island nation which alone in Europe had successfully withstood his almost universal dominion. But now the terror of his name has passed, we see that he was not a demon from the bottomless pit, but a prodigy of intellect and energy who ranks with Charlemagne among the stupendous figures of European history.

Mr. Will R. Moody, son of the famous American evangelist, leaves town this week for the United States. He has been in England since the beginning of October, and has devoted much of his time to hearing well-known men

in the different denominations. Among those whom he has invited to next year's Northfield Conference are Dr. James Stalker and Mr. Jowett, of Birmingham. Nearly 200,000 copies of the Life of the late Mr. Moody, by his son, have been sold in America. Archdeacon Sinclair complains that the habits of eating, secular conversation, and newspaper-reading still prevail in St. Paul's on week-days. He urges persons who may notice others indulging in any of these reprehensible habits to communicate at once with the vergers. Idle and disreputable persons are always most numerous in the Cathedral during the winter months, when it is often painful to walk down the aisle and see so many squalid, inert figures scattered over the great area.

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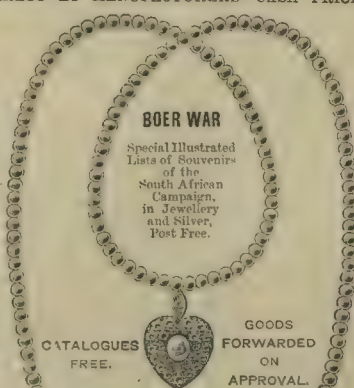
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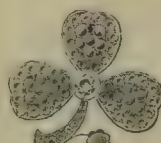
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 13, 1899), with a codicil (dated June 19, 1900), of Mr Charles Fishlake Cundy J.P., of 31, First Avenue, Brighton, who died on Sept. 21, was proved on Nov. 6 by the Rev. Thomas Stephen Cooper, the nephew, and Mrs. Emily Arabella Boodle, and Miss Agnes Catherine Cundy, the nieces, the executors, the value of the estate being £155,974. The testator gives £600 and an annuity of £100 to his sister-in-law Charlotte South; £5000 to his nephew Thomas Elger Cundy; £30,000 and his interest in certain leasehold property to his niece Mrs. E. A. Boodle and Miss A. C. Cundy; and annuities of £100 each to his servants Louisa Brown, Sarah Miles, and Emily Miles, if they shall be in his employ at the time of his death. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew the Rev. T. S. Cooper.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1899), with a codicil (dated Sept. 26, 1900), of Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie, of 55, Cleveland Square, Hyde Park, and 118, Leadenhall Street, who died on Sept. 29, was proved on Nov. 9 by Peter Mackenzie, the nephew, James Bain, Horace Gundry, and Peter Grant, the executors, the value of the estate being £505,073. The testator gives £300, his jewels, plate, china, and wines, the use and enjoyment of the remainder of his household furniture, and during her widowhood an annuity of £2600, or of £600 should she again marry, to his wife, Mrs. Agnes Mackenzie; £40,200 to his nephew Peter Mackenzie; £2000 to Peter Grant; £15,000, upon trust, for his brother William Mackenzie; £11,000 each, upon trust, for his nieces Cecilia Dick and Lillias Wighton Mackenzie; £10,000 each, upon trust, for Kenneth and John Mackenzie; £8000 each, upon trust, for his nieces Helen and Cecilia Mackenzie; £200 each to James Bain and Horace Gundry; £6000 to the children of

his nephew John Mackenzie; £1200 each to his nieces Isabella and Mary Mackenzie; £1000 to Kenneth N. Mackenzie; £300 to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; £200 to the Scottish Corporation, Crane Court, Fleet Street; £100 to the Marylebone Presbyterian Church, George Street, Edgware Road; and legacies to relatives and persons in his employ.

The will (dated Aug. 13, 1891), with a codicil (dated Sept. 11, 1900), of Mr. John Robert Jefferies, of Ipswich, managing director of Messrs. Ransomes, Sims, and Jefferies, Limited, Orwell Works, Ipswich, who died on Sept. 12,

his sister Harriette Matilda Sidebottom, and the remainder of such securities are to be held, upon further trusts, to pay £500 per annum to Hugh William Henry Elwes for life, and the remainder of the income thereof to his sister Harriette Matilda Sidebottom. At the death of Hugh W. H. Elwes he gives £2000 to Captain Neil Campbell MacLachlan; £1000 each to the Rev. Archibald Campbell MacLachlan, Ronald Campbell MacLachlan, Alexander Campbell MacLachlan, Mary, Elsie, and Evelleen Campbell MacLachlan, and to Amy Beatrice and George Edward Sidebottom Venner; £2000 to Isabella Mary

was proved at the Ipswich District Registry on Oct. 13 by Harold Sellis Jefferies, the son, Philip Edward Ripley, and Francis Ward, M.D., the executors, the value of the estate being £114,710. The testator gives £500, his furniture and effects, carriages and horses, and, during her widowhood, the income of £25,000, or, in the event of her remarriage, of one half thereof, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Jefferies; £1000 to the East Suffolk Hospital; and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves to his children in equal shares.

The will (dated June 11, 1900), with a codicil (dated Sept. 13, 1900), of Colonel Leonard Sidebottom Venner, of St. Rode, Bournemouth, who died on Sept. 20, was proved on Nov. 8 by Robert Shafto Adair and George Edward Sidebottom Venner, the executors, the value of the estate being £70,108. The testator bequeaths an annuity during her widowhood of £500 to his wife; the use of his residence, St. Rode, with the furniture and effects, to Isabella Ruth Elwes; and £100 each to his executors. Certain securities are to be held, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to Isabella Ruth Elwes for life, and then as to £12,000 part thereof for Isabella Laura Elwes; £2000 for



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Sidebottom Venner; and three legacies of £100 to relatives. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother Charles Edward Sidebottom Venner.

The will (dated March 18, 1896) of Mr. John Edwards, of 78, High Road, Balham, and 77, Buckingham Palace Road, who died on Sept. 29, was proved on Nov. 2 by John Drummond and George Baker, the executors, the value of the estate being £51,078. The testator bequeaths annuities of £52 each to his brothers Barrington Edwards and William Edwards, and to his sisters Eliza Edwards, Elizabeth Shaw, Maria White, and Mary Ann Woodward; £50 each to the Licensed Victuallers' Schools (Kennington Lane) and the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum (Old Kent Road); £300 to his nephew Joseph Shaw; £100 each to his executors; £1000 to his nephew William May; £500 each to his brother George Edwards and his nephew Harry Edwards and his niece Maria Jupp; and £500 each to Constance, James, and Albert Jupp. The residue of his property he leaves to his niece Elizabeth Edwards.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Sheriff of Ross and Cromarty, of the will and testament (dated June 7, 1898) of Mr. James Fraser, of 32, Nicholas Lane and 140, E.C. 65, Westbourne Terrace, and Craighill, North Kessock, Ross, who died on Sept. 15, granted to Mrs. Sarah Georgiana Fraser, the widow, Henry Munro, and James Fraser McBride, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on Nov. 9, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £53,288.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Sheriff of Dumfries and Galloway, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Oct. 27, 1897), with a codicil (dated April 4, 1900), of Mr. Wellwood Herries Maxwell, J.P., D.L., of Munches, Dalbeattie, Scotland, M.P. for Kirkcudbrightshire 1868-74, who died on Aug. 13, granted to William Jardine Herries Maxwell, M.P., Wellwood Maxwell, Alexander Maxwell, and Hugh Maxwell, the surviving executors nominate, was sealed in London on Nov. 9, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £44,494.

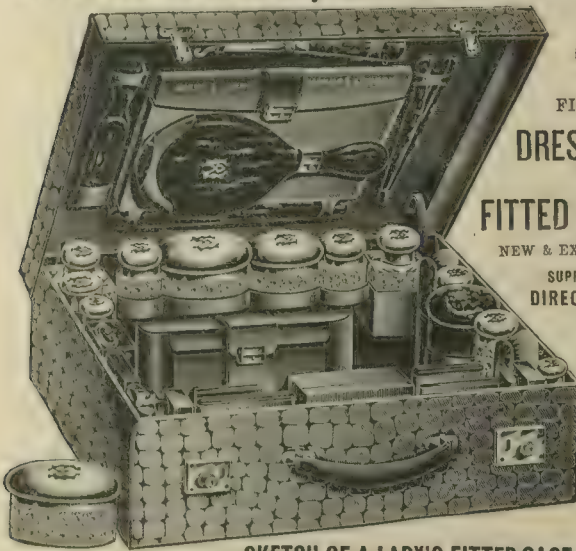
The will (dated July 20, 1900) of Mrs. Maria Georgina Paget, of 55, Chester Square, widow of Colonel Frederick Paget, who died on Sept. 27, was proved on Nov. 6 by Mrs. Louisa Henrietta Walrond, the sister, Henry Riversdale Grenfell, the brother, and Berkeley Paget, the executors, the value of the estate being £21,292. The testatrix gives £6000 to her brother H. B. Grenfell; £500 to Caroline Ann Paget; and part of her furniture to Berkeley Paget. The residue of her property she leaves to her sister Mrs. Walrond.

One of the results of the competition recently held by the Hovis-Bread Company, in order to ascertain who among their agents in the S.E. district are the best makers of their bread, was the gift of nearly 600 loaves to various beggar schools and similar institutions. The gift, needless to say, was much appreciated.

MUSIC.

At the first of M. Ysaye's orchestral concerts on Nov. 14 at the Queen's Hall, the musical world did not avail itself to any great extent to exploit M. Ysaye as a conductor. Perhaps he had established himself too highly in its critical opinion as a violinist for it to care to study him in a different rôle. However that may be, there can be no doubt he is an able conductor, and with so good an orchestra as that of Mr. Wood, he appeared to be quite brilliant. This is in no way belittling his power, but giving not a little credit to the one orchestra in England that has a European fame and standard of excellency. In delicate gradations of tone and expression M. Ysaye and his orchestra were most happy in Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, and in the "Emperor" Concerto of Beethoven, in which Signor Busoni played the piano solo. Signor Busoni's precision and force were displayed to great advantage in this concerto, full as it is of technical difficulties and brilliancies of effect. An overwhelming tribute to his genius resulted in a graciously accorded encore, taken, of course, as a solo, without the orchestra, of the adagio and rondo movements in the "Waldenstein" Sonata of Beethoven. M. Ysaye produced three unfamiliar works at this concert. First, the Swiss composer M. Jacques Dalcroze's overture to "Sancho," which was originally produced in its entirety at the Geneva Opera House in 1897. The overture was quaint and humorous. The two other new

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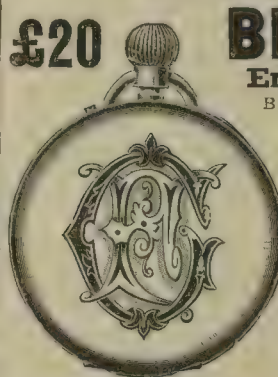
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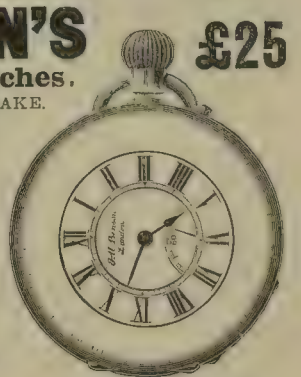
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works were written by Vincent d'Indy—an entr'acte from his opera, "Fervant," and some symphonic variations called "Istar." The latter deserved most attention for its composition. The symphony illustrates a Babylonian "Epic of Izdubar." The variations, instead of being preceded, as is almost invariably the custom, by the theme, result in the theme being played boldly by the orchestra in unison. The music has mostly the grey, melancholy twilight of the Inferno, whither Istar goes to seek her dead lover, being stripped gradually of her earthly wrappings as she passes slowly through seven doors.

At M. Ysaye's second orchestral concert, on Monday, Nov. 19, Signor Busoni again appeared, and played in Rubinstein's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat. It was first performed in England at a Philharmonic Concert in 1876, and has been seldom played since. Rubinstein naturally devoted himself chiefly to the piano, over which he had such

command; and Signor Busoni, the greatest living exponent of technique, as many judges of music declare, certainly did all that could be done to make the concerto vital. After all, it remained not very interesting, and produced the effect, superficially at least, of being curiously detached: the piano and the orchestra seemed at times almost divorced, at others to be living together in the matter-of-fact, "go-your-own-way" style that is considered by the cynic to be indicative of conjugal bliss. The final impression left was that Signor Busoni and the orchestra were frittered away over this concerto.

Mr. D. F. Tovey gave his third concert on Thursday, Nov. 15, and produced a quintet of his own composition for the piano and strings. He himself played the piano part delicately and gracefully, and the string quartet were Messrs. Kruse, Schilsky, Ferri, and Walenn. The work was very clever, very thoughtful, and revelled in the

intricacies of counterpoint, but it was far too long. Miss Fillunger sang Bach's cantata, "Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen," written for a soprano voice, strings, and a trumpet obbligato. It is very difficult music, and was not quite faultlessly rendered, though bravely attempted.

A concert was given at the Steinway Hall on Wednesday, Nov. 14, in aid of the All Hallows' Mission. Some good work was given vocally and instrumentally, and where it was not good, the charitable intention forbids criticism. Among the singers was a Scotch contralto, Miss Janet Duff, who has some astonishingly beautiful notes in her wide compass, deep golden notes that remind one of Madame Antoinette Sterling, and high, clear, silver notes, rounded and musical. Her method is excellent, and her singing of Gounod's "Abide with me" was delightful. She also sang very charmingly Korbay's "My Brown Boy." M. I. H.

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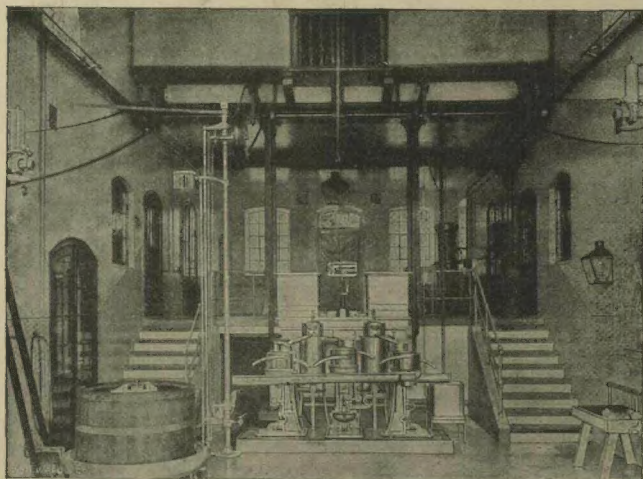
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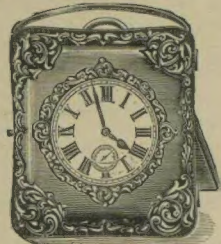
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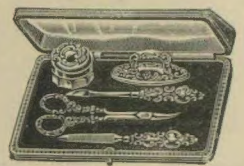
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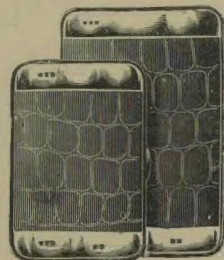
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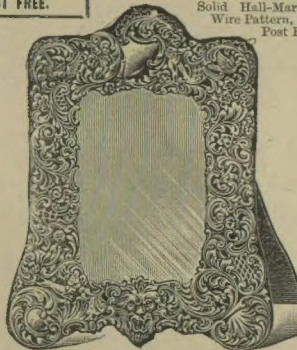
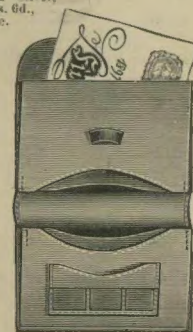


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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Bishop Thornton of Ballarat, who has resigned his see after twenty-five years' incumbency, spent six weeks in South Africa on his way home. He and Mrs. Thornton have now arrived in London. The aged prelate has long been known as a pronounced Evangelical.

The Dean of Ripon has arrived in America, where he will deliver a course of lectures at Harvard University. His trip will be a very short one, as he expects to return for Christmas.

The Rev. T. T. Churton, Vicar of Icklesham and Rye Harbour, Sussex, will be the new Rector of Bexhill. He

has done excellent work during his ten years' incumbency for the church and the schools at Icklesham, and Bexhill residents are well satisfied with the Bishop of Chichester's appointment.

The *Church Times* prints in full Canon Gore's very remarkable lecture on "The Municipality," delivered recently at Tufnell Park. At the brief religious service which preceded the lecture, Canon Gore wore a black Geneva cloak. He expressed regret that young men in London have so often no definite Church connection. Looking at the rows of men who attend the service at Westminster Abbey on a Sunday evening, and remembering

that similar crowds are to be found at St. Paul's and all the great central churches, Canon Gore feels some disquietude. He asks himself whether these great places are popular simply because one can come and go unobserved; while in local Church membership there is the restraint of knowing that one has a name and character to uphold.

Canon Knox-Little, who has been acting as Chaplain to the Forces in South Africa, is on his way home.

Canon Bright, of Christ Church, Oxford, has rallied satisfactorily from his recent slight paralytic seizure. He is now said to be quite convalescent, though not well enough to lecture.

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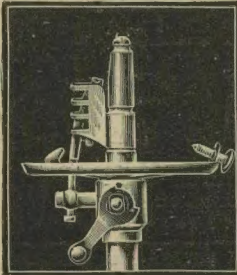
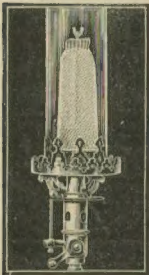
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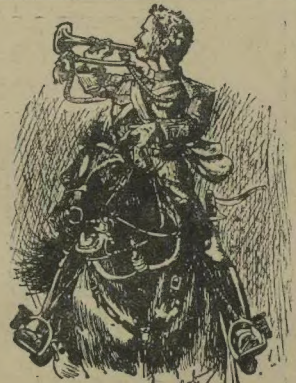
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